

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME LXVII.

No. 3699 May 29, 1915

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXXV.

## CONTENTS

I. America's Unsheathed Weapon. By James Davenport Whelpley.	
	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 515
II. The German-American. By Mrs. John Lane.	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 520
III. Pomm's Daughter. Chapters XVIII. and XIX. By Claire de Pratz.	
(To be continued.)	526
IV. The Old Books in War-Time. Virgil in English Verse. By Frederic Harrison.	
	ENGLISH REVIEW 537
V. British Music and the War. By Herbert Antcliffe.	
	BRITISH REVIEW 544
VI. The Strangers of Polp. Chapter III. By Charles Edwardes.	
(To be concluded.)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 550
VII. Walter Savage Landor. By the Marchesa Peruzzi de' Medici.	
	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 554
VIII. The First Hundred Thousand. X. Deeds of Darkness. By the Junior Sub.	
	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 559
IX. "Fullness of Life."	NATION 568
X. The End of the War.	ECONOMIST 570
XI. America and the "Water Wagon." By S. K. R.	NEW STATESMAN 572

## A PAGE OF VERSE

XII. Ad Matrem. By Gerald Cumberland.	NEW WITNESS 514
XIII. The Haunted Spring.	NATION 514
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	575



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## AD MATREM.

When I'm a man full-grown  
 You'll reap the joy you've sown.  
 Your wrinkled hand in mine will rest,  
 Your head will lean upon my breast;  
 I'll tell you all my dreams that come  
 With their brave pageantry,  
 For you will be too old for dreams—  
 Too old for other worlds than this;  
 Whilst I shall still be young and warm  
 And have a hundred worlds to kiss.  
 Oh, mother, you'll grow old, I know;  
 Before the fire you'll sit and sew,  
 Bringing to-day unto that far to-  
 morrow  
 To ease your ancient soul of all its  
 sorrow.  
 And when the window dulls with fad-  
 ing light,  
 I'll stir the fire, make ready for the  
 night,  
 And place my head upon your knee,  
 And be the boy you'd have me be.  
 For in that far-off wintry day,  
 This lad of yours will know the way  
 To stir your heart to memories of me  
 As I am now, but cannot always be.  
 Dear, you have done so much for me,  
 So faithfully, so joyfully;  
 So, when you're old,  
 And laden with your memories,  
 I'll bring you gold,  
 And white, sweet linen for your wear,  
 And hold your hand and smooth your  
 hair,  
 And gossip with you by the fire,  
 And help you up the stair,  
 And tuck you in your bed.  
 Oh, mother mine, when you are old,  
 Pray God I be not dead.

Gerald Cumberland.

The New Witness.

## THE HAUNTED SPRING.

A trouble shakes the rays of dying  
 light,  
 The troubled earth, tremulous be-  
 tween her poles,  
 Like a lost angel through the for-  
 saken height  
 Of the heaven calling, down her sad  
 orbit rolls,  
 And human hearts, unresting day or  
 night,  
 Vibrate to passing souls;—

To dying souls, to souls that pass in  
 pain,  
 Or with one crash are scattered on  
 the air;  
 To souls that, lightening over hill and  
 plain,  
 Strike at our spirit's portal un-  
 aware,  
 And, crying for response, again, again,  
 Hold dim communion there.  
 Vainly we seek the life that once we  
 led,  
 Pursue the toil, walk the familiar  
 street;  
 A ghostly movement stirs around our  
 head,  
 And in our blood those failing pulses  
 beat;  
 Hid in the covert of the accustomed  
 bed,  
 We hear the noiseless feet.  
 Could but a mountain wilderness  
 provide  
 Some silent cavern of tranquillity!  
 Could but an undiscovered ocean's  
 tide  
 Murmur of peace to such as thither  
 flee!  
 No silence comforts now the mountain  
 side,  
 No peace the untravelled sea.  
 No peace, no silence, no delight of  
 spring,  
 No joy supportable, even if it came!  
 Flesh of our flesh, their souls go  
 wandering  
 —Young souls, who took death's  
 hazard as a game,  
 Our common men, like us in every-  
 thing,  
 In sin, in hope, the same.

Winds of the sky upon their faces  
 blew,  
 They heard the voice of spring  
 across the guns,  
 They touched the emerging stream,  
 but never knew  
 How in full strength dear life's  
 great river runs:—  
 Would God, would God that we had  
 died for you,  
 Our sons, our lovely sons!  
 The Nation.

**AMERICA'S UNSHEATHED WEAPON.**

The danger to the cause of the Allies in the American direction lies in the power of the United States Government to put an embargo upon the shipment of munitions of war to any and all of the belligerents, and the possibility of such an embargo should certain conditions arise. The plea that the American people would lose financially by such an act would have no weight if something happened which would still further augment a movement in that direction already formidable. The only thing which could bring about such an unfortunate state of affairs would be some act on the part of England in the exercise of her power over the seas which would be considered an indefensible outrage upon neutral rights.

An attempt was made in the Congress which adjourned on March 4th to bring about such an embargo as is suggested. This attempt failed, and Congress is no longer in session. A special session can be convened, however, by President Wilson on short notice, and it is not yet sure that such a session will not be called, owing to the failure of the last Congress to enact certain legislation strongly advocated by the Administration, and also because of the critical state of international affairs in the handling of which the President might need the help of the legislative body. Those who advocate an embargo upon war supplies being shipped to belligerents won a partial victory in the closing hours of the recent session. A resolution was adopted giving the President power to act in cases where war vessels of nations at war were supplied with stores from the American harbors. This was done to put a stop, if possible, to such breaches of neutrality as have already been committed

in the supplying of German war vessels with coal and provisions, to enable stricter watch upon interned German ships, and to prevent the supplying of English war vessels now on the Atlantic with needed stores, something which it is believed has been going on surreptitiously for some time past in violation of the laws of neutrality, or at least the spirit thereof.

The forces at work in favor of an embargo upon the export of war material are not to be despised. They include the strong German element, the Hebrew banking interests, the "peace at any price" advocates, a large part of the power of the Church, and a notable element in the American public, which is, in fact, neutral, comprising those who look upon this war as a selfish quarrel among the European Powers, all equally to blame as to its origin, and all equally guilty as regards the world-wide slaughter of human beings, the destruction of non-combatant property, and the saddling of the people of this and future generations with a staggering load of debt and taxes.

The British Government has seen fit not to declare a complete blockade of the German coast. The reasons for this are probably good and sufficient to those who know them. The American people do not know what these reasons are, and, in consequence, there is much speculation. American admiration and conception of British seapower is enormous; indeed, so strongly does this prevail that it is difficult for the American people to understand why any other measure than a complete blockade should be undertaken. Friends of the Allied cause in America sincerely regret that it was not possible or deemed advisable for England to declare such blockade, for in that

case all controversy as to the rights of neutrals would have come to an end, for such a move is a recognized instrument of war, employed by all nations, past and present, and one which admits of no misunderstanding as to the rights of anyone, neutral or otherwise.

As the matter now stands, neutral rights are still a matter of controversy, and there are many strong influences at work to fan the flames. Should the disagreement between England and the United States as to the rights of neutral ships and cargoes reach an acute stage, the movement in favor of an embargo upon the export of munitions of war to the nations engaged therein will gain tremendously in importance. If those who are directing the fortunes of the Allies believe they can conduct the war to a successful conclusion without the material aid of American industry, as now available, of course no attention need be paid to the influence upon American public opinion of what the English Government may say or do, but to remain oblivious to this will necessarily involve the possibility, not only of American resentment, which could, perhaps, be ignored, but a stoppage of the tremendous stream of supplies, arms, ammunition, and food, now coming from across the Atlantic.

There are two facts which cannot be too strongly emphasized. One is, that no immediate profit, such as is now accruing to certain branches of American industry through the war, will halt the American people for an instant in their serious consideration of an embargo upon the export of munitions of war if public opinion is aroused by any act of the belligerents which is considered as seriously unjust to neutrals. The other is, that this movement towards an embargo upon export is already formidable, and must be taken seriously by any nation count-

ing American supply as one of its war necessities.

The sympathy of a vast majority of the American people who really count still lies with the Allies, and a general conviction prevails at this time that the defeat of Germany is inevitable. It is not believed in America that the German army will be driven beyond the Rhine; in fact, it may even be said the belief prevails that when the Germans leave Belgium it will be because of the terms of the treaty of peace yet to be drawn, and not by reason of pressure from a superior military force on land. That the year 1915 will see the close of the war is assumed everywhere in America, so much so that business contracts and social plans are being made on that basis. There is vastly less controversy now as to who is to blame for the war or as to the rights and wrongs of the controversy than there was six months ago. There are still pro-Germans, pro-English, pro-French, but the erstwhile keenness of partisanship has subsided with one exception, and that is Belgium. Except in the case of avowed advocates of the German cause, Americans are unanimous in their denunciation of the treatment accorded Belgium through the warring of her powerful neighbors. Opinion may not even be unanimous as to the guilt of Germany, but even the apologists for that country are equally condemnatory as concerns the actual destruction of Belgian property and the violation of the rights of the Belgian people. It is this universal sentiment which keeps the generous stream of relief for that stricken nation up to its high mark at a time when the American people might well conclude that charity begins at home. The fact that the United States Government did not register a protest against the invasion of Belgium is deplored by many Americans, but a ma-



majority believe that, as the United States was not a signatory Power to the treaty guaranteeing such neutrality, it was not the duty of that country to intervene even by written word.

The great German publicity campaign in favor of that country has exhausted itself, and has probably accomplished more harm than good to the cause. German effort is now more closely confined to practical affairs such as protests to the United States Government, when subject for protest can be found, and such general regard for German interests as may be given. This work is done most thoroughly and with considerable effect. The efforts of diplomacy are greatly strengthened through the aid of a very strong group of banking interests, which are not only pro-German, but anti-Russian as well.

One of the influences which has militated against the British cause has been the English censorship, especially in the earlier stages of the war. Americans believe this censorship has been unjust to the British people at home and has weakened their good cause abroad. The suppression of several important news items by the British Government, facts which are current knowledge among the well-informed in England and common property outside of the United Kingdom, this meaning that they are known to Germany as well, has put all British reports under a certain amount of suspicion which would not have existed had frankness been the rule in all matters not of strategic value to the enemy. This has had the effect of bringing about a more neutral state of mind in America in judging of current events, even among those who are pro-Ally in the sense of favoring the defeat of Germany by the combination of nations now warring against her.

Americans believe that the present

war will come to an end by reason of political and economic forces rather than through the defeat of the German army. The breaking down of Turkey, the almost assured collapse of Austria-Hungary, the economic starvation of Germany, the possible intervention of Roumania, Italy, Greece, and possibly other nations are looked to as the forces which will terminate the war within a few months by reason of rendering the German cause hopeless in the minds of even her most determined leaders and most enthusiastic citizens. There is already evidence in American discussion of the situation of a wish that Germany would realize this inevitability and act accordingly, for with all the feeling against the war, for which Germany is largely held responsible, and the generally expressed wish to see her militarism deprived of power, there is no desire in America to see the German nation hopelessly crushed and humiliated. It may be said that all these matters are unimportant, that as America is not a party to the controversy, what her people say or think is of no moment. This might possibly be true under some circumstances, especially in the domain of politics and ethics as they apply to the present European controversy. In view of the enormously important practical situation, however, which undoubtedly exists in the matter of food and munitions of war, of which America is now supplying vast quantities to the Allies only, through their dominion over the seas, all these things which indicate or influence American public opinion become of vital interest to other nations, for without making the slightest demonstration of force America can throw a disconcerting amount of weight into the scales which are to measure the future balance of European power.

The people of England have heard a great deal concerning the alleged

American prosperity which has come through the needs of Europe in the past nine months. Even the English Government has gone so far as to quote figures of American exports in the attempt to combat the plea of the American Government that the people it represented were sharing heavily in the present world-wide disaster. It can be most emphatically stated that the general impression prevailing in Europe as to the great prosperity which has come to the people of the United States through the present war is not justified by the facts in the case. Figures of exports do not tell the true story, for merchandise which is now being sent abroad is limited to certain products, which come under the broad definitions of war and subsistence supplies, and the sale thereof benefits comparatively few, many of them speculators in products which long ago left the producers' hands at normal prices. The effect of abnormal foreign demand for many of these products has also been to increase the cost of living to those who can least afford it. It must also be borne in mind that the total foreign exchanges of the American people for an entire year only equal the domestic exchanges of the nation for a period of about three weeks. It is possible, therefore, for America to enjoy an apparently normal or even an exceptionally large foreign trade as represented in money value and yet suffer from severely depressed conditions, and such is the case at the present moment.

One of the greatest industrial corporations of the United States, in fact, one of the largest in the world, maintains an observation and statistical department for the guidance of its managers. It is of great importance to this company that an accurate knowledge of prevailing conditions should be easily available. The company receives, therefore, through its

agents most carefully compiled reports upon the state of industry in every section of the United States. From these reports it has been deduced that certain industrial areas are correct barometers as to the state of American business generally. In fact, there is one such area, approximately 150 miles long and half that width, which has been proved, through many years' experience, to be an unfailing measure of business as a whole, and conditions within this area are recorded with scrupulous care, the tabulated results being accepted as the readings of a scientifically correct barometer of conditions in America.

On the first day of March this year, eight months after the beginning of the war, the reading on this barometer was 38 per cent, or, in other words, business activity was 62 per cent, below normal. It is also known that the great steel and iron companies, whose business is also held to be of barometric value, now have on their books less than 50 per cent of their normal orders for the products of their mills at this time of the year.

What this may mean to a country, whose population of 100 million people are all of them practically dependent upon the nation's activities for their incomes, can easily be imagined. In New York, the largest city in the United States, it is now not necessary to use the imagination to realize that something is radically wrong with the affairs of the world. In this city alone about 500,000 are out of work, public and private charities are strained to the limit to cope with suffering as the "bread line" lengthens with each passing day. The greatest distress is not with the chronically poor, for they are, as usual, fairly well cared for. It is the clerks, typists, and other workers of similar grades who are bearing the brunt of the prevailing hard times. Nearly 8,000 stenographers

are out of work in New York City alone.

The retail shopkeepers are also feeling the pinch, especially those who deal in merchandise which can be dispensed with by the public for the time being. The present smallness of their business is due, not only to an actual decrease of purchasing power on the part of the public, but also to an extraordinary wave of economy which has spread over the country throughout a nation heretofore justly accused of being the most prodigal, thriftless, and wasteful in the world in the matter of individual and personal expenditure. The American people never seem to do anything by halves. They either ignore altogether or take hold with a vigor, which oftentimes carries to opposite extremes. It has now become the fashion in America to save rather than to spend, and this new movement, temporary though it may prove to be, has dealt a bewildering blow to those who have battered upon the extravagance of the "spenders."

People are not going to the theatres, refraining from the purchase of jewelry and other luxuries, discharging servants, and generally cutting down expenses. In many cases, this is now a necessity, in many others, it is done because the fashion so to do has given rise to sufficient moral courage to cease competition with neighbors in the matter of showy living. While there is some complaint as to excesses in this economy movement, there is no doubt but that nothing could have happened to the American people out of which more good might come. As a result of this economy and for other reasons, bank deposits have increased enormously. Part of this increase is represented by small savings, part is due to unusual caution by the banks themselves in the matter of loans, slowness of investors to take up securities offered for sale, and an ex-

treme conservatism in the matter of industrial expansion. It is expected that times will be still harder before the war is ended, and no employment is considered sure. Those who might buy securities are waiting for the market to sag still lower, and no industry is warranted in doing more than to hold on. A few concerns of great wealth are taking advantage of low prices to accumulate great supplies of raw material, buy new land, and generally add to their facilities against a favorable turn of the tide, which will come sooner or later, but in a country like America, where credit is so extensively used and such a short time is allowed for turn-over, few are able to thus take advantage of the misfortunes of others.

There is much partial employment, a form of distress which does not make itself apparent in statistics. Many employers, not wishing to discharge their employees, are giving half-time work. These people are not listed as among the unemployed, and yet their earnings are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Shop employees are more affected by this manifestation of slack business than any other class of labor, and tragic conditions have arisen in many households through partial loss of income. Few of these people will apply for relief. There has been some organization effected to deal with this situation, but so many prefer to get along the best they may without presenting themselves as objects for charity, that it is difficult to extend the help needed.

There is one outstanding fact apparent in any review of American conditions and American public opinion, and that is the improbability of American participation in the war through any contribution of force of arms. There are many Americans who would have liked to see their country take a hand, and this sentiment still exists; but the

faction represented by President Wilson is in control of public policy. It has been said by those who are in touch with his ideas that, in their opinion, no possible, conceivable combination of events or circumstances could arise which would move him from a neutral, or rather a non-belligerent, position, and this is probably a correct statement as to the present position of the United States Government in its present and future relations to the war. This would not pre-

*The Fortnightly Review.*

clude, however, the taking of such steps in the regulation of American commerce as might cause serious inconvenience to one or another of the combatants if occasion arose. Such steps would not be controlled by a calculation as to possible financial loss or gain to America. They would be taken because of the fact that it is the only way in which the Government of the United States can effectively impress its views upon Europe.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

---

### THE GERMAN-AMERICAN.

The Revolution of 1848 shook most Continental thrones, and in turn filled Germany with fervent socialistic aspirations after freedom, which were, however, put down with a strong hand by the Prince of Prussia, destined later to develop into Kaiser Wilhelm the First; on whom his admiring grandson conferred the further distinction of "the Great," before it was conferred on him by history, to which the world usually leaves this supreme tribute. But on his way to that pinnacle of fame the Emperor William, who was heir to his brother Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia, and later Regent when the King became subject to intermittent attacks of insanity, had a good deal of mud flung at him by such of the Germans as loved liberty. It was probably because liberty was one of the luxuries denied to the sons of the Fatherland that so many wanted it, fought for it and died for it, while those who could neither gain it nor die for it shook the dust of the Fatherland from their feet and went in search of countries where liberty is not so fatally unpopular. This explains the large number who, in 1848, emigrated to America in search of freedom, and furthermore, Germany

being a poor country in those days, to obtain a decent living in that promised land whose streets were reputed to be paved with gold.

For German emigrants this legend has indeed proved true, for none have been more prosperous or more valuable to their adopted country. Although they were of less muscular build than the Irish, who by mere physical strength and endurance made possible the first railway across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they were better educated even when laborers, while their artisans, merchants, and many professional men, among whom were some of the highest eminence, who had been an honor to their Fatherland as they were later to the United States, proved of inestimable value. But German and Irish have one common characteristic: they have not even yet been quite assimilated by America, so when referred to they can never escape the distinctive "German" or "Irish," as the case may be. Also from the beginning they have been inclined to intermarry among themselves, and socially they have kept rather aloof from their American fellow-countrymen. Although these barriers have been slowly breaking down the last few

years as the result of universal and excellent educational facilities, of increasing political supremacy and wealth, the very fact that a certain political influence is described as "Irish" and another is appealed to as "German" proves that America has not yet assimilated these two races, although the time must come when there will be no more hyphenated Americans, and when in her own interest she must stand between her naturalized citizens and the danger of alien interference by that country from which most of them were only too glad to escape.

It is but just to admit that the German-Americans have always been identified with law and progress, nor, unlike the Irish, have they been biassed by a too romantic attachment to their native country, in which most of them refused to live under existing conditions. The Irishman had dreams of returning to end his life in the old home, but the German has always been quite contented only to go back on visits, just to give ocular proof to his relatives of his aggressive prosperity, safely shielded as he is from conscription and other little drawbacks of his late Fatherland by his American citizenship. And he rejoices all the more when he observes the increasing taxes wrung from a people whose earning power is out of proportion to the demands of a Government whose perpetual interference with the rights of the individual has created a new crime of the first magnitude entitled *l'esc-majesté*. That, too, when as a brand-new American he has learnt the lesson that "he's as good as anybody," and may say whatever he chooses, and that the worst that can happen to him is that nobody will listen. In addition, he recognizes new social standards fixed by a military caste, the first of which is the snubbing of the purely civilian, unless heavily smothered in cash. No wonder, then, that the Ger-

man-American finds no inducement to end his days in his ex-Fatherland. On the other hand, the tenacity which made the Irishman long to end his life in the Old Country in peace and happiness was merely a romantic misconception of his own nature, for an Irishman with only happiness and peace to look forward to would be inconceivably bored! But possibly this aspiration may explain why the Irish have been so long in taking root in America, for the first generations did not, so to speak, unpack; instead they were prepared for instant flight back should home-sickness prove unbearable. It was the first generation that suffered, for the second grew more reconciled, although they too did not become quite American, only Irish-American.

That was the trouble. Sometimes in those far-off days one came across amusing reversions to type characteristic of that much simpler time if not of this, now that the Irish-Americans sway the politics of the United States, and the German-American bankers bring the pressure of their financial influence to bear on the situation, possibly for the good of their late Fatherland and incidentally for their own.

The early Cunarders, which at that time sailed from the provincial wharf of Boston, were very little and always, as a female passenger expressed it, full of Beacon Street; and Beacon Street even to this day still represents aristocratic Boston. At such times Beacon Street unbent its stiff back and was quite affable to less aristocratic streets, and even shared a hymn-book with them at divine service, an ineffable condescension that stopped short at Liverpool with an abruptness that nearly hurt. On such a voyage one realized the chasm that separated the "real" American from the Irish-American who now rules Boston with



a political rod of iron. But such is the whirligig of time!

The only cabin-de-luxe on such a pre-historic Cunarder was the captain's, which, if he chose, he could sub-let and pocket the proceeds. To have the captain's cabin also conferred a certain social distinction, and it was usually sacred to the more exclusive rich and great. On one such voyage two occupants were invisible, and two chairs at the captain's table were always empty. Now the cream of Beacon Street sat at the captain's table, the ladies a little sharp of nose and elbow, and the gentlemen nearly English in their distrust of the un-introduced. But as the captain's cabin was sufficient introduction they made cautious inquiries as to the health of the invisible. One day solved the mystery. A passenger strolling on deck found the door of the captain's cabin open and in it were wedged a stout and elderly Irish couple. He wore a knit cardigan jacket, cloth cap with the peak behind, and a black satin stock illuminated by a resplendent diamond brooch. His lady, he called her "mother," was in green poplin and a red Paisley shawl; a defiant black velvet bonnet rose on the back of her head. Her eye was snappy and suspicious. His was green and ruminative, and signalled timidly for human converse. They proved to be Mr. and Mrs. O'Flannigan, who thirty years before had sailed from Ireland to New York in the steerage of a sailing ship, on which occasion they had made a vow that whenever they returned to the Old Country it would be in the very best. And here they were, the victorious product of the liquor trade, in the captain's cabin! "But," Mr. O'Flannigan admitted with a sigh as he looked about at the dingy glory of this stateroom-de-luxe, "it ain't all it's cracked up to be, and it ain't pleasant to sit in alone, not for long."

"Why don't you eat in the dining saloon?" they were asked. They looked secretly at each other, and then "mother" spoke, "We're afraid."

It was a disgraceful confession for people in the captain's cabin.

"Afraid," and "mother" twisted her thumbs in her Paisley shawl, "afraid of using the knives wrong, and afraid of their noses and their looks."

Whereupon Mr. O'Flannigan burst out while he mopped his heated brow, "I says to mother, I says, if I want to put a knife down my throat I will, and all Beacon Street can't stop me, only I—I don't darst to do it in there," and he referred with a dingy thumb to the dining saloon, "and so we eat in the steerage—with friends. It ain't enough to hire the captain's cabin," and his eye looked gloomy and dissatisfied, "one's sorter got to be born in it!"

Another reversion to a humble type was German. In the same town there was a noted restaurant kept by an enterprising German, who had worked his way up from dish-washing to the supreme command, till he used to stroll between the tables and exchange greetings with gratified patrons. The great man had an only son destined to succeed him, to which end he also was set to dish-washing, after which he became so accomplished a waiter that as a reward of merit the old man bestowed on him a handsome cheque, with the strict injunction to go abroad and spend it all to see the world and improve his mind. He was gone six months, and when he reappeared there was nothing in his outer man to denote that seeing life was either expensive or polishing. Even his clothes were the same, with an added appearance, characteristic of waiter's clothes, of having been made for somebody else.

It was not until after supper that the paternal eyes twinkled and, be-

tween two puffs of his pipe, he asked encouragingly, as between man and man, "I guess you ain't brought home much of that cheque! Seeing life isn't cheap, is it, heh?"

"You must wait and see, father," said the son who was not a prodigal, and opened a rather greasy pocket-book, "I guess you'll be satisfied. I ain't cost you a cent, an' I've brought home mor'n you gave me," and he handed his astonished parent a larger cheque than the one he had carried away.

"What in thunder," and the old man stared first at the cheque and then at his heir, "have you been doing? It costs big money to see the world."

"An' ain't I seen the world?" the son retorted with modest assurance, "I guess! Why, I wa'ant aboard that ship an hour before I was waiting at table for a steward who hadn't turned up. An' I hadn't mor'n got to London when I got a first-class job at a restaurant. After that I up and did a bit of waiting in Paris—in a hotel. I wa'ant out of it twice," he added triumphantly, "an' I've clean forgotten the name. Then I got tired and quit, and so I worked my passage to Berlin in a dining-car, an' got a real daisy of a place there, an' there I stayed ever since, for it was real homey. But I've found out something!" he concluded, satisfied with his contribution to the wisdom of the world, "and that is cooking smells just the same everywhere."

In those old days no sooner did the Germans reach the promised land than they became naturalized and cast in their lot with their new country, which was the wisest thing they could do, as it safeguarded them and their sons from coercion by what was once their native land, for Germany has a far-reaching military arm and a long

memory for those who try to escape conscription. In return for this, all the United States required of them was that they should become loyal citizens, and by their good conduct avoid the criminal laws, and employ such talents as they possessed for the service of their adopted country. But from the beginning a barrier has stood between them and the native American, which is rarely surmounted until the second generation, and still prevents their entire assimilation, and that is language. An alien language is a barrier which makes a foreigner of a man even among people with whom he has cast in his lot, and with whose principles and aspirations he is in full sympathy. It makes him lonely and ready to cling to old memories, even to forget old sufferings. He lives in the past, to which, however, even in his sentimentality nothing would induce him to return. All the same, socially and racially he is inclined to keep to his own, which is narrowing and alike bad for people and country. There are important American cities more German than American, where more German is spoken than English, and where education is as much German as English. This is an evil, for although their loyalty may be the same as that of the American without a hyphen, of which one is assured by the sterling qualities of the German-Americans, still it is this barrier between the two great races in one country that has enabled the German Government to threaten America with reprisals at the polls, through those very citizens to whom she has given shelter, peace, and prosperity. For the sake of their own future, people who accept the hospitality of a country and settle there should first of all learn its language and make it their own, and let the language of the country they have left become of secondary importance. For the bi-lingual facility

of the German-American, broadening though it may be in its added possibilities for knowledge, may also among the less educated exercise a deteriorating effect both on the English and the German. In America, if only the one language can be spoken perfectly, let that language be English.

The Berlin threat of reprisals through German-Americans at the polls has so far only succeeded in rousing the deep and just resentment not only of Americans, but of those German Americans who are as loyal to the United States and all it stands for as the best Americans can be. For there are many more such than German propagandists like to admit. Here, for instance, is a quotation from a recent letter written by a prominent German-American, a man of eminence and of great influence in the city in which he lives: "It is a terrible War, and Germany will certainly have to pay heavily for the dastardly outrages she has committed against civilization and humanity. But I sincerely hope that the next year will find us at peace, and England triumphant." Indeed, these German-Americans who are not pro-German suffer from no illusions about their late Fatherland, and they know, none better, the value of the benefits conferred on them by America, its liberal government and free institutions which permit them to satisfy their reasonable ambitions, and assure their children's future. Who of them, threatened by a conquering Germany—which would turn the world into one Empire ruled by a despotism unique in its cold-blooded, blundering cruelty, which spares not even its own—who would not take sides with the country to which they owe everything, rather than the country they have repudiated, and to which they owe nothing but the accidental circumstance of having been born there, although sharing with the rest of the

world the privilege of being uplifted and aided by its noblest genius? But how has that great country fallen! Whatever natural sympathy the German-Americans still feel for the country which was once their home, they will undoubtedly at the crucial moment remember that their first and most solemn duty is to America, which has been their refuge and their salvation.

If one considers that Germany has no scruples as to the methods she employs to gain her ends, and that indeed she herself asserts that success justifies every crime, it is a matter for gratitude that so far her sinister purposes have met with constant defeat. When one opens certain pro-German papers published in America one has a sense of being deafened by the uncontrolled fury of their propaganda. America is threatened unless she is properly neutral, and properly neutral, according to Germany, means to favor Germany. But even if the bitter attacks of the pro-German propagandists, from the German Ambassador to those "exchange" professors who, having once basked in the warmth of the Imperial approval, are pro-German for ever—if their attacks, subtle or otherwise, confuse some sane judgments, how can that affect the ultimate result? What German-Americans not subsidized by Berlin, with the exception, possibly, of those good old-timers of the first generation pursued by sentimental home memories, or others who want to assert themselves and their political influence as against the native American element, would want to return to the feared and familiar slavery? Would it, other considerations apart, would it pay? And, after all, is that not the crucial test by which political issues are decided these days?

Sometimes one suspects, for one can hardly doubt the sound German-

American common sense, that all this violent pro-German invective represents nothing, achieves nothing except a fictitious success fanned with increasing weariness from Berlin, and may at best be briefly described as a fireside patriotism. For the fireside patriot enjoys all that is most thrilling and harrowing during the War, and gets it, so to speak, cheaply and safely, he and his sons being well sheltered behind their American citizenship; so, whatever their blatant loyalty to the old country, he and they run no risk of having to fight for it. He is even in no financial danger, for his American investments are probably sound, and the merciful distance between him and his late Kaiser prevents the long arm of necessity from reaching his purse, and this is the time when heart and purse are one. Tears these days are very commendable, but they are of no earthly use unless accompanied by a cheque. One is reminded of the first immense pro-German mass meeting at the Madison Square Gardens in New York at the beginning of the War. It was crowded by thousands of German-American sympathizers, and when later a collection was taken for the cause, one felt a certain sense of amusement at the sadly small result—estimated at elevenpence ha'penny per head! Indeed, real enthusiasm should never stop short at the pocket! For it is the easiest and safest thing in the world to sit in a comfortable arm-chair, in the pleasant glow of the fire, and over a good cigar and a bottle of Rhine wine burst into lurid denunciations of England the hated, and the supineness of the American Government. Had not pro-German patriotism really stopped at the cheque-book the world would have rung with it, for it is Berlin's policy to encourage and exaggerate all public manifestation of sympathy with her cause if only for the disconcerting

moral effect on the Allies. So far as the world knows, there has been no outpouring of treasure to aid Germany from the masses of well-to-do as well as enormously rich German-Americans. Indeed blood may be thicker than water, but there is that in the free German-American blood which will not again suffer the old, mad, ruthless despotism which the tragic War of to-day proves unaltered.

The masterly strategy of the German propaganda as an important branch of her Foreign Office first became a factor to be reckoned with in America on the occasion of that famous visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States—we may add in parenthesis that America, being a republic, dearly loves a prince—and Prince Henry proved himself a most charming visitor, in spite of being nearly killed by the exhausting hospitality of the Great Republic. It was the first time that Germany came into her own, represented as she was by a prince of the Imperial house, and for the first time Germany was on a social level with the "real" Americans. No wonder that in the universal enthusiasm England was quite forgotten, although only a few years before the British Lion, in the person of Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, had prevented the German Admiral von Diedrich from interfering with Admiral Dewey when he bombarded Manila. But republics have proverbially short memories. So nobody thought of the bluff British Lion when Prince Henry, polite but exhausted, was drawn in State, attended by Governor and bodyguard and all the rest of the glory, from Boston to Cambridge to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University in the presence of the aristocracy of these famous towns, till President Elliot of Harvard, in addressing the distinguished visitor, welcomed him, as he said, not as the brother of

a great Emperor, but as the grandson of the great Queen who had always been a friend of the United States. All honor to that grand old man who did not forget and who has never forgotten the world's debt to Great Britain. One feels convinced that the Lion was comforted, and that he purred softly and contentedly.

Those were the days that marked the beginning of that ardent friendship which Germany has ever since manifested towards America because it suited her deep-laid schemes. But as one studies the effects of German friendship on Austria and Turkey, a nation cannot but accept it with foreboding. It was the beginning of the German-American "exchange" professorships, of the founding of the Germanic Museum at Harvard to which the Kaiser presented innumerable German plaster casts, while the statue of Frederick the Great—a great but

The Nineteenth Century and After.

certainly not a democratic ruler—he gave to the United States, to which it proved something of a white elephant. Indeed, the indefatigable Kaiser has left no stone unturned to endear himself to America and regain the loyalty of his lost subjects. One wonders what the world would be like to-day had German diplomacy proved as efficient as her mighty Army! But fate has so far intervened, and if one studies the blunders of German statesmen and the inspired utterances (that is, inspired by Berlin, but nothing higher) of her admirals, generals, and minor greatneses, one gathers at least one supreme comfort out of this tragic time: and that is that even this great empire, and what it is pure flattery to call her diplomacy, are mercifully served by very many bungling patriots who have quite mistaken their vocation in life.

Annie E. Lane.

## POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was late July. Maryvonne had attended all the examinations of the *Ecole de Droit*, which took place in July—not to compete as a candidate, for she was not nearly ready yet, but merely so as to gain some experience of the examination itself and to take rank among the possible candidates for the following year. The weather was sultry and Paris seemed to have emptied itself and lent its fine streets to gangs of British trippers and German sightseers. Pomm, who was never weary of his book-hunting, spent if possible more time than usual among the bookstalls along the quays. When Maryvonne remonstrated with him he averred that he found the air better to breathe by the banks of the Seine

than in the heart of the city. So Maryvonne had suggested that one day, in search of a still purer atmosphere, they should go for a long walk in the Bois. They started early after lunch and taking the green tramway that runs from Montparnasse station to the Etoile, they alighted at the *rond point* and began to walk round the Arc de Triomphe to look at the sculpture that adorns it, though they knew it already well by heart. As they came to the *bureau d'omnibus*, which is the departing station of a line of steam tramways that runs from the Arc de Triomphe to St. Germain, passing through Rueil, Bougival and Louveciennes, they both turned to watch two tiny children—pretty mites of four and five years of age—who



were entering the tramcar with their nurse. As Maryvonne's eye caught sight of the signboard that bore the names of the localities through which the tramway passed, she read them aloud—unthinkingly—though she never knew afterwards what obscure force had led her to do it, and as she read "Ruell, Bougival" . . . she suddenly stopped.

"Bougival" . . . she repeated again wonderingly. . . . "I wonder, *père* Pomm, why the name of Bougival seems so familiar to me? Is there any reason why it should be? Do you know?"

"No, my dear . . . I have never even heard of the place."

"But I have." Maryvonne spoke in a decided tone. "I have, *père* Pomm, I can assure you. . . . Let me think . . . Let me think." . . . And she laid her hand upon the old man's arm and closed her eyes as if to bring back some forgotten impression to her memory.

Pomm stood still and allowed her time to recall to her brain her fugitive remembrances. He was ever anxiously hopeful that the memory of her past years would come back to her.

For a few more moments she was silent and then she asked again:

"Are you quite sure, *petit Père*, that you have never heard of Bougival?"

"I'm quite sure, my dear. . . . At least I have no memory linked to Bougival, though I believe that I was once told that formerly it was a famous boating-place. But come along, my dear. We shall get run over if we stand here any longer."

For they were still standing in the middle of the road where the name of Bougival had so abruptly struck Maryvonne.

"But, dear *père* Pomm," insisted the girl as they moved to the side-walk, "a new light seems to have suddenly burst upon my brain! I'm quite sure that I know something of Bougival

. . . that I've been there even!"

For a few hurried seconds she seemed to collect her impressions, and then in a sudden strong outburst of memory she cried out—heedless of the passers-by:

"Oh, *père* Pomm. . . . I remember . . . I remember . . . now! I do indeed remember," she almost shrieked in her excitement. "It is all clear to me now! Bougival was the name of the place where I stayed with my mother when we returned from England! . . . The garden of carnations was there, and it was there, too, that my portrait with *Maman* was taken! I do not remember if the convent where the nuns taught me my catechism was there too. I think not. But I remember it all so clearly now!"

She would not have ended the recital of her memories if old Pomm had not stopped her gently—for he never lost his well-balanced equanimity:

"What are you talking about, my dear? What convent? What catechism? Oh! my dear, you do distress and confuse me so! You quite make my head ache." . . . For though Pomm had been told about a carnation-garden he remembered nothing, at the moment, concerning a convent and still less about catechism. Indeed, in the whole course of his long existence Pomm had never been so perturbed.

Maryvonne, glancing up at him, saw his agitation, and tried for his sake to collect her own wandering wits.

She spoke more gently and made every effort to control her own excitement.

"It was at Bougival that we stayed when my mother and I came back from London to France again. The garden of carnations which I have already described to you was there. I remember going with my mother to a convent too, but I cannot say whether

the convent was in Bougival or at another place. . . . I certainly *do* remember staying at a convent for some time, and having the catechism taught me there. Now do you understand, dear *père* Pomm?"

Pomm turned to contemplate the girl for a few moments. What she had just said was slowly sinking into his mind.

"This is very interesting, my dear. . . . A case of sudden remembrance, indeed! How did it come back so unexpectedly into your brain?"

"It was the name of Bougival—written up there." And she pointed to the name-board of the tramway. "Directly I saw the word, a light seemed to break into my brain! Oh!" she exclaimed with sudden inspiration, "suppose, instead of going to walk in the Bois, we were to go to Bougival? . . . We have all the afternoon before us. Do let us go and try to find out something, *père* Pomm!" She knew that only by dint of cajoling would she get him to consent to make the expedition at once. He would be quite sure to say *No* at first, for he always systematically opposed any new suggestion. Yet the tram would be starting in a few moments, and there would not be another one for an hour! But Pomm was obtuse, and difficult to persuade. He had started to go to the Bois, and to hitch his mind on to a new idea upset him greatly. When any new conception sought to penetrate his brain it was a real pain to him. An expression of torture crossed his face, betraying the dual effort of trying to assimilate a fresh suggestion from outside while yet making an immense exertion to oppose it from within.

His first articulate words were "No . . . no . . ." as they invariably were in such cases.

"Why 'No'?" asked Maryvonne, though she had expected his reply. She wanted him to explain his objec-

tions, and knew that thus they would fall to the ground.

At last he managed to speak:

"Go to Bougival! How absurd! What on earth should we do when we got there? We could hardly walk about the town inquiring for details concerning your mother, who, presumably, was there more than fifteen years ago!"

"That does not matter! We could call at the *Mairie*."

"At the *Mairie*? Ridiculous! . . . What could they tell us there, fifteen years after?"

But Maryvonne was used to convincing Pomm against his will. She gathered in her own nerves, and tried to impress him with the importance of the subject. And he no longer smiled the supercilious and derogatory smile with which he usually opposed her suggestions. And he no longer shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, *père* Pomm," she argued eagerly, though with the necessary restraint, so as not to alarm him with the originality of her idea, "we could go to the *Mairie* and ask the employees to make inquiries. Surely you understand now that it is of paramount importance to me! And, after all, we can go and have a walk at Bougival, which must be a charming locality, just as well as in the Bois!"

Notwithstanding his usual irresolution he did not demur any longer, and Maryvonne, seeing that she had won her wish, ran into the ticket-office for two tickets, and they were able to jump into the tramway-car just as it was leaving the station.

But even when the vehicle was well on its way Maryvonne had still some trouble in convincing him.

"It is absurd, I tell you . . . absurd! . . . Why, Durand is the commonest name in France!"

"Well, let us admit that it is absurd," said Maryvonne, "but, dear *père*

Pomm, it delights me so to go to Bougival!"

"Ah!" said Pomm—with a benign smile, and looking at her with all the tenderness of which his old heart was capable—"you have me there! If you say that it will delight you—then what can I do but humor you? . . . Eh?" And the good man beamed upon her once more, and was delighted to see her happy.

"I feel sure, *sure* . . . that we shall find out something to-day at Bougival" . . . she affirmed passionately. . . .

"Well! I hope that we may, since you so wish it." He had his doubts himself, and it was some time before she could win him over to her own enthusiasm. But by the time they had alighted at the small station of Bougival she had been able to communicate her own interest to her old friend, and he was now as anxious as Maryvonne herself to begin investigations.

Miraculously they found the Mayor of the small town at the *Mairie*. He had just presided over a meeting of the town-councillors, and, having a marriage ceremony to perform afterwards, he was still in his office in the building. Pomm sent up his card and begged for a few moments' interview on a matter of urgent importance. The mayor—a kindly and portly person, whose name was Calmette, and whose pleasant face beamed above the decorative tricolored *écharpe* of his office—listened attentively to all Pomm and Maryvonne had to say, and noted in writing the few facts they were able to furnish. He promised to make inquiries concerning all ladies of the name of *Durand* who had sojourned in the locality he had governed for the last twenty years. Fortunately he had held the office of Mayor so long that he knew most of the older residents personally.

"Your indications are rather vague," he said to Pomm, smiling. "But I will

do my best for you. You shall hear from me soon." And he carefully noted Pomm's address upon his card.

After they had left the *Mairie*, Maryvonne suggested that they should walk about Bougival and try to find the house with the carnation garden. She had told the kindly Mayor all that she remembered concerning the garden in question—and he, too, like Pomm, supposed it to be a market-garden.

"It is more than likely that it is one of the houses of Bougival where a carnation-grower lived," Monsieur Calmette had remarked. "There are many such in this neighborhood, and if you do not find the house you seek in the town itself you will probably find it in the vicinity. Do you remember it at all?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "I remember a small, square, white house, with green shutters."

"I am afraid that is not a distinctive description. There are many such round about Bougival. In fact, there are as many as there are market flower-gardens. Your description: 'A square white house, with green shutters' conforms to a type of architecture well known in this neighborhood. But I don't wish to discourage you, my dear young lady. Look around. I will do my best on my side."

Maryvonne and Pomm tramped around the town, and found many white square houses with green shutters, and Pomm, drawing out his pocket-book and pencil, at the girl's request noted down all their exact addresses one by one. For now that Maryvonne had brought him to her way of thinking he was as keen as she was herself and as anxious to secure information. There was one particular house with closed green shutters—though it was evident that the house had occupants—that seemed to Maryvonne to be the very one she sought! Pomm had much difficulty in prevent-

ing her from ringing the bell and asking to see the owner of the establishment at once!

"My dear. . . . Have patience! . . . Wait till the Mayor has written to me. Even if you gain admittance to the tenant of that house what will you ask him if you see him? Please have patience."

And Maryvonne was forced to wait till they heard from Monsieur Calmette.

Although Maryvonne's recollections were so vague they investigated Bougival thoroughly, and returned home tired out, just as the golden sun was sinking down in all its glory behind the tall edifice of the *Arc de Triomphe*. And they were heartily pleased with their day's outing.

Ten days later Pomm received a thick white letter upon which the address of the *Mairie* of Bougival was printed in black lettering. He held it up before Maryvonne's gaze tantalizingly—for they had just sat down to their midday meal when the letter arrived. The girl flew to his side, with a clatter of crockery and cutlery clashing.

"Open it quick . . . quick . . . père Pomm. . . . Oh, how my heart beats!"

Pomm broke the seal with slow, clumsy fingers, while Maryvonne stood impatient beside him. Then at last he read the letter aloud to the girl:

"Dear Sir,

"In answer to your inquiries I can now inform you that a certain Madame Renoir settled in Bougival about the year 1865. She was the widow of an employé at the War Office. This Madame Renoir had a daughter—a beautiful girl of about eighteen at the time—named *Marthe*."

"Ah!" broke in Maryvonne, impatiently, "I remember now that my mother's name was *Marthe*! I had forgotten to mention that to Monsieur Calmette."

. . . "This girl, who was the very apple of her mother's eye," pursued Pomm, undisturbed by Maryvonne's remark, "made the acquaintance of a particularly dark man, who appears to have been taken here for an Italian or a Spaniard—but whose name no one here seems to remember—who used to be seen walking about the town in her company. It appears that Madame Renoir was very much opposed to any idea of *Marthe's* marriage with this stranger and was broken-hearted when she learned that her daughter had fled with him to England—presumably to be married to him there. Indeed, Madame Renoir never recovered from the blow of this undesired union, and died the following year. About six years later, *Marthe Renoir*—giving her name as Madame Durand—returned from England. She spoke English very well, though her former friends had to take her word for that, seeing that at that date no one in Bougival spoke the English language. Madame Durand brought with her a little girl of between five and six years of age—a beautiful dark child—who spoke English far better than French, and who was supposedly *Marthe's* daughter, although there is no evidence that she actually declared the girl to be her child. Neither did she make any reference to her marriage. From what I can find out in Bougival, Madame Durand must have stayed a few days or weeks with an old friend of her mother's, who lives a little way out of the town. I find that the only person here who actually remembers her is this lady. She is a Madame Morin, the widow of a horticulturist. She is now a very old woman of nearly eighty, whose memory often fails her. I enclose her address. She lives in a tiny house surrounded by a large garden, about two kilometres out of Bougival."

Pomm wrote immediately to thank Monsieur Calmette for his information, and set out at once with Maryvonne for Bougival.

## CHAPTER XIX.

While all these inquiries were being made by Pomm and Maryvonne, destiny was progressing too for Pierre Gérard.

The six months of his stay in Italy had lengthened out to a full year. By dint of infinite thrift and by the sale of a few statuettes which he sold profitably he was in a position to meet all his expenses. Meanwhile, he had been able to send a new work—the bust of a Florentine youth—to the *Paris Salon*, which obtained as great a success as the *Mignon* of the previous year. Indeed, he was contemplating yet another exhibit when he left Italy. He had made use of his year of Italian travel to the utmost, studying the productions of the great masters, observing their methods minutely, and learning his lesson from their inspired and conscientious industry. He had stayed three months in Rome, and thence had proceeded to Florence, where he remained three more months. Thence, by small stages, he had progressed to Milan. During his travels he had written many times to his mysterious friend, who answered to the name of Alto, and whose headquarters were at the Charing Cross Hotel, London.

In return for his long, explanatory letters, he had received a few curt notes from the old man. He still remained in ignorance of his real name, and of his business and position in life. Although the strange old fellow had not actually told him that he did not wish his incognito disclosed, it was clear to Pierre that such was his desire. He therefore respected his benefactor's reticence, and made not a single effort to ascertain his identity. It sufficed that the old man wished to remain unknown for Pierre to respect his motives for anonymity.

"I do not even yet know when I shall return to Paris, *cher Monsieur*,"

wrote Pierre at the end of twelve months' residence in Italy. "I shall certainly stay here as long as it is possible for me to do so. I have been most economical and have lived quite frugally and can continue to do so still, for I realize all that I am acquiring here. Cavell was right. Italy has taught me more in a few weeks than I could have learnt in an *atelier* in as many years! Fortunately too—for us poor beggars of artists—beauty in Italy is not expensive! All the fine museums are within my price and your Italian skies with their riotous undisciplined colorings are for all men there who care to lift their heads heavenwards. No. I shall not return to Paris yet awhile."

But Pierre's plans were soon to be thwarted by circumstances. A few days after he had written this letter to Alto he received another letter from Paris which caused him to return to France sooner than he had expected. A well-known French writer, whose name was one of the glories of his country, had written to the young sculptor asking him if he would undertake the busts of his four children. He proposed a price for each of the small figures which proved to Pierre conclusively that his name was well on the road to glory, for he himself would not have dared to ask for a third of the price offered.

So, much against his will, he left Italy for Paris. Eighteen months later he had finished the four busts besides several others which in succession had claimed his time, when he received a letter from Alto asking him to go over to London at his earliest opportunity, as he had secured him two or three orders for portrait busts in London. His fame that had risen so rapidly in Paris had already reached London, and he was now as well known there as he was already known in France.



The *Mignon* and its successors had brought him luck indeed!

But despite all his success Pierre was truly sad at heart. He could not forget the face of the real *Mignon* as he had seen her in the flesh, and he could not console himself for having lost sight of her altogether. He blamed himself fifty times a day, calling himself all sorts of ugly names and anathematizing himself for a fool because he had not had the courage to affront the *vieux bourgeois* and speak to his divinity when he had had the opportunity to do so! He cursed fate as well as his own timidity—or stupidity as he chose to call it—and as soon as he had returned to Paris and had begun to make money he haunted the Mille restaurant at every meal. But he never saw her again and his heart sank. He vowed to himself that no other woman should ever receive the least attention from him, and Maryvonne's memory became a great influence in his life, inasmuch as it prevented him from being spoilt by the idle society women with whom he was now continually brought into contact. Many of his charming sitters found him a delightful companion, and several *belles madames* would have been charmed had he tried to make love to them. But Pierre was quite content to regard these delightful ladies as mere sitters and nothing more. The artist in him was capable of perceiving the exterior beauty of his models, and he interpreted their charms in a manner that was most gratifying to their own vanity. But not one of these society allurers could win a smile from the man. He was ever sternly, scornfully the artist and nothing more. In his dreams it was the suggestion of mute melancholy in the soul of his *Mignon* that held him so powerfully. He himself was bright and cheerful withal, and was incapable of unnecessary gloom. Yet it was

precisely the quality of her grave sadness that drew his heart towards Maryvonne. Hers was the very soul of gravity, and his the soul of youthful irrepressible gaiety. For the opposites attract one another insidiously yet powerfully, and each seeks in the beloved one—instinctively and unconsciously—the directly opposite characteristics to his or her own.

Pierre went from party to party, invited nearly every day to great houses, to fêtes and dances, and he was bright and gay and amusing and apparently entirely heart-whole. Yet every evening before going on to the smart gathering to which he was convened he would slip into Mille's restaurant and gaze around the hall to assure himself whether by chance Maryvonne were present. And each day he went out, disappointed again but with his hope and love undimmed. He felt, he *knew*, that a day would come when they would meet again. And he possessed his soul in patience and waited, allowing the image of no other woman to oust his *Mignon* from his heart and imagination.

The day came when all his commissions in Paris being executed Pierre set out for London. His old friend had left the hotel now and had taken a small house in one of the suburbs. He informed Pierre of his intention to settle for some time in England, being forced to remain there because of his affairs. Though he did not tell Pierre what those "affairs" were, Pierre shrewdly guessed that old Alto was still interested in his revolutionary ideals. He felt that his friend's was a very fine and noble character and never doubted that his occupations were of an honorable nature. Alto had told him several times that he was not rich, but Pierre knew of many kind actions of his which cost money. He therefore supposed that Alto considered it his duty to use his small

fortune for philanthropic purposes. Alto had suggested that Pierre should come and share his house and his household expenses with him, while he executed his commissions in London. Needless to say that Pierre was only too delighted to accept his offer, and answered that a few weeks later would find him installed in Alto's little house in Kensington, to work hard at the special London commissions which he hoped to finish by the following autumn.

It was now April and Pierre was completing a new work to be exhibited at the *Paris Salon* to open in May, which work he hoped would be a very worthy successor to his former exhibits. It was the bust of a famous society beauty, and succeeded in establishing Pierre's final reputation as one of the great sculptors of his time. His work was much discussed and met not only with great praise but also with much opposition. He had definitely broken away from tradition, and from the hard and fast lines of school. He gave to sculpture what it had not possessed before—expression as well as character. He seceded from all the old traditions of mere formula, using his art as a means of psychological and intimate characterization. He caused more discussions upon the art of sculpture than had been known since the days when the Greeks decreed that it should represent pure form only and should not admit of the misproportion of expression. But he forced his critics to realize that even within the limits of the art another capacity could be evolved. He proved that even in so circumscribed an art aspects of the other arts could be suggested—color, expression, rhythm, and that it was not necessary to keep the sculptor's work entrenched in one single presentation.

His opponents declared that such a form of sculpture was literary,

not plastic, and anathematized it accordingly. Because his work did not conform to the conventional canons—hitherto declared to be the sole right ones—it was dubbed too realistic and without an ideal. It was an art that did not advocate forms of beauty merely pleasing or “pretty” and was even not always “sympathetic.” It was in no way confined by recognized rules. But it was robust, vigorous, true to life. It taught sculpture how to reveal individuality with all the distortions of strong emotion. It did not pretend to be classical, because it depicted real and living humanity.

One realized that for many years ahead Pierre Gérard would have to fight against great odds, having the whole structure of official Art against him. But he was firm in his convictions; he was determined and meant to succeed. His faith in his own ideals was great, though he had none of the vanity of smaller artists who generally consider their own work superior to that of their colleagues instead of lesser than that of the great men. All the passion of his youth and strength Pierre brought to the conscientious elaboration of his art, and he was ready and eager to defend his convictions. He feared neither poverty nor the contumely of the world. His tastes were simple, his moral courage great. He had no vices and lived a simple and clean life. His whole strength was in his determination and the passion of his work.

But he had tenderness and love strong in him, and all his affections were bound up in the ideal he had made unto himself of the young girl whom he had seen at Mille's restaurant and whose lovely and sad beauty had inspired him to the execution of a great creation. No other type of woman could attract him now. Her features were indelibly engraved in

his imagination, and, as with all great artists, his imagination was vigorous and created for him high ideals and indestructible convictions. He had now become the fashion among the artistic circles of Paris, and pretty society ladies who sat to him for their portraits were genuinely—or as genuinely as it was possible for them to be—attracted by his charm. He knew—only he was too chivalrous a man to admit it even in his own mind—that he had only to give himself the trouble to choose among his fair admirers who now so cheerfully climbed the six flights of stairs of his old studio which even his present success could not force him to abandon. For him there was but one woman whose type of beauty could ever appeal to him—and except to that one woman his heart was adamant.

When the commissioned busts in Paris were completed, Pierre, happy in the possession of more money than he had ever owned in his life before, took the Dieppe route and crossed to London to join his mysterious friend. They soon settled down in happy harmony in Alto's small house, at the top of which there was a large studio with a wide skylight that suited Pierre admirably. The tiny dwelling stood in a row close to a railway station. By train they could reach the centre of London in twenty minutes, which suited Alto well, for every day at twelve o'clock he took the train up to a street in Soho where at a small Italian restaurant, frequented by well-known Italian refugees who lived in London, he took his midday meal. At three o'clock every afternoon he returned from his restaurant, shut himself up in his room, which was in the basement of the house closed from all disturbing noises, and wrote long articles for the advanced Italian papers. It was only gradually that he confided his business to Pierre, and then only

in portions, because living with him it was impossible to conceal his occupation completely from the young man. But Alto felt, and rightly, that Pierre's discretion was absolutely to be depended upon, and he allowed the young sculptor to understand by degrees the importance of his interests in life.

Alto rarely spoke, and never mentioned the obvious or the futile, limiting his conversation to the barest necessities. Having passed almost all the more important years of his life in solitude, he preferred to think his own thoughts only and to nurse them in deep soliloquy, rather than to fill his mind with the thoughts and affairs of others. Inevitably silence had become a necessary part of himself. Therefore he never uttered a word too much and realized himself in solitude. It was the indispensable element in which he found his moral force and mental strength, as it was the essential condition for the elaboration of his work.

He was able to write his thoughts but rarely could he express them in words. His emotions as a man were dead. He loved humanity, but no one human being. Though his written thought influenced many thousand men, in many lands, his spoken word was rarely, if ever, heard. He deemed speech futile, unnecessary, and therefore avoided it. What he wished to convey to others of his own opinions he wrote. What he had desired to teach, he had taught in action—and most nobly had he impressed his lesson upon the world. Rarely is the great talker a man of action; rarely is the orator a statesman. The characteristics of the two are necessary in a leader but seldom are the qualities of both combined in the same man.

Alto was never at ease in spacious places, in large rooms, or in many apartments. From his days of soli-

tary, cramped confinement where he had spent the most precious years of his life, struggling to retain his brain power and fighting against insanity, he had gained his love of limited spaces. Thus had he acquired habits which now had become tastes.

In vain, Pierre made every effort to persuade his old housemate to live with less Spartan simplicity, urging that now he had gained a right to a certain personal comfort. But Alto was obdurate.

"Comfort to me is solitude and limited space," he would declare in answer to Pierre's objurgations. "I have lived the best years of my life so. A single chamber—not too large—a writing table, a few necessary books, sufficient place for my morning tub. . . . What more can I want? Think, my boy! I shall have still less space to lie in when they put me into my last resting-place in the dear, calm earth! There I shall not even have room enough to turn round!"

So Pierre left him to live alone in his own way, and the two men managed to dwell together most comfortably. There were many days when they never met at all, yet each felt comfort in the near proximity of the other. The domestic who came in every day to clean the house and brush their clothes brought Pierre up a cup of tea and some toast every morning to his room. But she never disturbed old Alto. He broke his fast but at midday when he went to lunch with his compatriots. The whole afternoon he remained in his room working, writing, smoking. And from his hermit's cell he moved many multitudes by means of the words that he never uttered!

Alto never had any callers at his own abode nor did he even receive his letters at the house where he lived. All his correspondence was delivered at Charing Cross Hotel or at the res-

taurant where he lunched and where he made all his appointments to meet those of the Italian residents of London with whom he had business. Pierre soon fell in with the old man's ways. Except for the one meal a day which he took out Alto never left his room, where he worked incessantly. On his writing-table by the side of his ink-pot, every morning, the daily servant placed a spirit-lamp and small nickel saucepan with a box of matches ready to hand. On this the old man brewed himself a cup of chocolate which invariably formed his evening meal with bread and butter and fresh fruit. Pierre rarely saw his housemate at all except on those days when he lunched with him at the Italian restaurant of Soho. Every afternoon the young sculptor received his sitters in his studio, and thus was obliged to claim the entire service of the servant for the latter part of the day. But Alto always remained buried in his downstairs room during the whole of the afternoon undisturbed—writing, studying, smoking. It was only in the evening, and that rarely, that he consented to come out of his lair—as Pierre laughingly designated his room—and chat with his artist friend upstairs in his studio. He was always mute upon the subject of his daily occupations, though Pierre guessed—indeed knew—that his work was secretly political. Pierre also had made a shrewd inference as to the personality of this man who was so kind and generous with his money though so far from wealthy and who himself lived with such strict parsimony. But he respected the old man's silence and reserve and betrayed his presumed knowledge in no way, realizing that the old man preferred no allusions to his own affairs.

The days in the small household went quietly by. Pierre worked hard, for he had many commissions and each

one, when finished, was so successful that it brought many others in its train. He was popular socially, too—his merry smile and perfect, good-humored optimism made of him a favorite everywhere. His relations with Monsieur Alto were most cordial and friendly, and though the old man never volunteered direct information about himself, his conversation upon general subjects was open and frank and full of the savor of his own kindly philosophy, and his judgment upon men and events was broad and profound. They often spoke together of Italy, where Pierre had spent the months which the generosity of his patron had afforded him and Alto betrayed so warm a love for the land of beauty and Art, and so keen a knowledge of its politics, that Pierre soon realized that Alto's love for Italy was the love of a patriot for his own prohibited country. He gathered, too, from his bitterness against her present rulers and from his lofty resentment, though he so rarely expressed it, that he was definitely an exile from the land he loved, though the best of his life had been spent in the service of that fatherland. But all these surmises concerning his friend Pierre buried in his own breast. He never allowed Alto, either by word or sign, to guess that he had partly divined his secrets, and to no one else did he breathe a word of his suppositions. When Pierre spoke of Florence with enthusiasm, the tears of sympathy shone in Alto's fierce old eyes that still burned with fires unquenched—fires of enthusiasm—fires of hope. But one felt that there was no desire for personal aggrandizement in his love for his native land. His dreams were all for her future glory and new liberties. They held nothing selfish or subjective.

The two men understood one another perfectly and their union was of the deep, silent sort that needs no words

to express it. The concord of two such diverse temperaments may be unusual, but can be understood. The bright, joyous optimism of the young French artist was as a fount of eternal hope to the sad, silent man whose past—one realized that at once when one saw him—held the memories of such deep tragedies, of such immense disasters. And the quiet, resolved calm, the measured judgment of the old man, often tempered the exuberance of the too-sanguine sculptor, with happy results.

As for Pierre's own political opinions—they were in-existent. In spite of all Alto's efforts and explanations he could not bring the young man to consider the politics of his time as a subject worthy of any serious interest. Pierre would always laughingly declare that the only subject which in reality could command his attention, was that of Art. That alone interested him, and he cared not a jot whether his country were governed by socialists or by aristocrats! Such declarations upset the old man's equilibrium terribly.

"But I really don't care!" insisted the unregenerate young fellow. "Indeed, if I were not anxious to spare your feelings, I should frankly declare to you that of the two, I should prefer a nice opulent and corpulent king to govern us, because he would have a magnificent court and there might be some chance for me to get good orders with Royal patronage for my sculpture! A monarchy would be a most useful thing to a poor devil of an artist like me!"

Alto shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"I am afraid, you bad boy, that you have no public spirit at all."

"Not the slightest atom of the stuff!" responded the irrepressible Pierre. "My business is with clay and marble and not with 'causes.'"



"You're a hopeless fellow!" sighed Alto.

"Of course I am!" agreed Pierre, cheerfully. "But I cherish a great love and admiration for you personally, dear friend, nevertheless,

though I shall never understand your fine enthusiasm for the great unwashed!"

Alto was forced to abandon all thought of ever converting Pierre to socialistic ideas.

(To be continued.)

## THE OLD BOOKS IN WAR-TIME.

### VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In the March number of this REVIEW<sup>1</sup> I was discussing how one could keep the mind fresh, calm, and cheerful in these days of wrath and strife by shutting out the stormy world for a time and turning back in spirit to the great poetry of the past. Each of us can find for himself what is the kind of book which most easily brings relief—be it *Psalms* or *Imitation*, *Hamlet*, *The Excursion*, *The Antiquary*, or *Tom Jones*. For my own part, I have been turning mainly to the Latin poets, and especially to Virgil and the *Aeneid*. In the former essay I tried to show good reasons for holding that Professor Conington's very popular verse translation of the *Aeneid*, with all its ingenuity and its spirit, utterly fails to represent Virgil's dignity and solemn charm; first, because the short ballad metre can have no such quality; secondly, because rhyme embarrasses the writer and often irritates the reader. William Morris's translation, in long, fourteen-syllable rhymed lines, fails again for the double defect of rhyme and long lines, with the further fault that the mighty epic of Rome is transposed into the ballad swing, appropriate enough for a Scandinavian myth. Lord Bowen's fine attempt in rhymed hexameters cut short failed again by three defects: rhyme, elongated lines, and impossible dactyls. In short, what these eminent scholars

have done, with all their learning, their skill, and their toil, is to prove that for a poetic version of the *Aeneid* long lines, short lines, dactyls, trochees, rhyme, and couplets are all fatal. As to Dryden, he is neither translator, nor classical, nor epic—much less Virgilian: he is always himself, the inexhaustible King of Restoration letters. The conclusion is, that a verse translation of the *Aeneid* must be in the stately involuted blank verse of *Paradise Lost* and of *The Excursion*, i.e., iambic metre of ten syllables, without rhyme, without archaisms, without cryptic novelties.

I now desire to analyze two highly successful attempts to give us the *Aeneid* in this, the only possible form, which come as near to solving the problem as we are like to get in this generation. I still regard the problem of a verse translation of the *Aeneid*, which, sticking word for word to Virgil's text, shall convey something of his subtle rhythm and his haunting melody, to be strictly insoluble, even to the highest linguistic and poetic gifts. And that for at least two insuperable difficulties. The first is, that Virgil's hexameter consists normally of sixteen or sometimes seventeen syllables—never can be less than thirteen syllables—whereas the English blank verse pentameter is strictly limited to ten syllables and can rarely exceed eleven. Hence the Latin line is, in syllables, one-third longer than

<sup>1</sup> The Living Age, May 1, 1915.

the English line. Why not, it may be said, resort to a longer line in English? The reason is that for purposes of verse metrical syllables are formed only by the vowels; and consequently, as in our language the consonants are at least one-third more numerous than in Latin, an English line of ten syllables will have as many letters as a Latin line of sixteen syllables, and will bulk as large, or even larger, both to the eye and to the ear:—

*Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus  
ab oris*

is a line with fifteen syllables, thirty-six letters, and eight words.

Arms and the Man I sing, who first  
from Troy,

is a line with ten syllables in ten words, almost as many letters as the Latin. And yet, with one-third fewer syllables, it has more words—for whilst the Latin line has only two monosyllabic words, the English equivalent has no less than ten monosyllabic words *i.e.*, the line is entirely composed of monosyllables. But this is to lose the musical and sonorous effect of Virgil's trisyllable and quadrisyllable words. That is to say, our language, with its superabundance of monosyllables and of consonants, cannot compete with the majestic roll of the polysyllabic Latin, or with the melodies of a language so rich in vowels as Latin or Greek. Besides which, our words, choked as they are with consonants that do not count rhythmically, fill up a line of ten syllables and five feet as completely as a line of sixteen syllables and six feet—and the English line of five feet looks in print and sounds in speech as long and as full as the Latin line of six feet. The English line above, closely and literally rendered in the shortest words we have, does not find room to get in *oris*. If it ran:—

Arms and the Man I sing, who first  
from Trojan shores,

the line of six feet, twelve syllables, and thirty-six letters would be, at least for a long epic, clumsy and unmanageable. That is the first of the translator's difficulties. It is almost impossible to put exactly Virgil's line of sixteen syllables into an English line of ten syllables, even if all ten are monosyllabic words. To use two short lines to Virgil's one ruins the rhythm: yet an English line of the same number of syllables as his is cumbersome and tiresome.

The next difficulty is that Latin, having case endings, genders, innumerable declensions, no articles, and few prepositions or other auxiliaries, can express in three words what in English needs six or eight. Thus: six words:—

*Sic fatur lacrimans classique inmittit  
habenās,*

in English literally becomes eleven words—all in monosyllables:—

Thus he speaks in tears, and gives  
reins to his fleet.

But the incessant resort to our weak, colorless monosyllabic auxiliaries, without which no English sentence can be made, destroys the *cantabile sostenuto* of Virgil, to use musical terms. Our English lines with ten monosyllables inevitably result in a prolonged and monotonous *staccato*—even in such a grand line as Milton's:—

If thou beest he; but Oh how fall'n!  
how chang'd!

In the first hundred lines of *Paradise Lost* there are only four monosyllabic verses. There is not a single monosyllabic line in the whole *Aeneid*. In Wordsworth's *Excursion* the monosyllabic lines are hardly two per cent. Tennyson used his monosyllables grandly; but in his *Morte d'Arthur* the proportion is the same as in the *Excursion*. The English translator who tries to keep line to line with Virgil is forced back upon monosyllabic or short words, chiefly Saxon. But

to lose the use of the longer Latin words is to sacrifice movement and music.

A third difficulty is this. Not only does the genius of the Latin language enable the poet to get rid of the troublesome baggage of articles, particles, prepositions, and small auxiliaries, but by its case-endings, genders, declensions, and syntax, adjectives can be dis severed from nouns, verbs from subject and object, whilst *and*, *or*, *not*, *neither* can be tacked on to a word giving it length and grace—what in music is called *legato*. Now, one of Virgil's resources is just the striking position of an emphatic word in a rather unexpected place, at the beginning or end of a line, or it may be at the *cæsura* in the middle of a line, broken by a pause. Some of the most memorable phrases in the *Aeneid* owe their pathos to this artifice:—

- Tu Marcellus eris.—
- Et vera incessu patuit dea—
- Sunt lacrymae rerum—
- Quos ego—
- Hae tibi erunt artes.—
- Quisque suos patimur Manes—

We may fairly say that these strokes are drawn from Roman rhetoric, and are not to be found in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. They no doubt gave rise to the dramatic apophthegms of Corneille and Alfieri. But whether or not they are suitable for Epic, they are intensely Virgilian. They are special difficulties to the translator. But, in any case, they show the immense value of keeping line to line with the Latin, if anything like the same impression is to be made.

To the translator, Virgil is a task of Sisyphus. He must be kept line for line, or half the force and the pathos is lost. And yet the English pentameter has no space for the Latin hexameter: the line must end before the full sense has found words.

I shall now analyze two verse translations of the *Aeneid* which come nearest to success by observing all the indispensable conditions. These are:—  
(a) Milton's ten-syllable blank verse;  
(b) very close adhesion to the text;  
(c) translating line by line, or (d) at least closely rendering Virgil's form and rhythm.

Dryden, Pitt, Bowen, Conington, Morris entirely discard these conditions, though Conington and Morris accept (b), and Morris also accepts (c).

But the version by the late Sir Theodore Martin of *Aeneid* i.-vi. accepts all four, unless that it too often fails to observe (c), i.e., keeping line for line.

The only versions that I have examined which translate the whole *Aeneid* in exactly the same number of lines are two: that of William Morris in 1876, and now that of Charles J. Billson of 1906. I put aside Morris with all his merits, because it is in rhymed elongated lines, full of old ballad forms. Of the admirable work of Mr. Billson I will speak at length presently. He alone of all the translators I am acquainted with observes strictly all four canons (a), (b), (c), and (d). And, in my opinion, his splendid work—in two volumes, 4to, 1906, with Latin on one page and close verse translation on the other page—is quite the best *Aeneid* in English that scholarship and poetry have given us.

In 1896 Sir Theodore Martin, then at the age of eighty, published his translation in blank verse of the first six books of the *Aeneid*. In an excellent preface he gives weighty reasons for holding blank verse to be indispensable, and also for close adhesion to the original text. And he also rightly insists that a translation should "read as an English poem," and not be hard to understand by a reader having no Latin before him. This fine

performance of a most accomplished man of letters had all the qualities which are shown in his original poetry and in his very numerous translations in many languages. It is undoubtedly a great success, and in many passages is the very best poetic version of the *Aeneid* that we possess. Would that he had completed it: and he did live for thirteen years after the publication.

The translation, though clearly following the text, and often doing so line for line, does, however, slightly exceed the limit of lines, which Morris and Billson rigidly preserve. The first *Aeneid* has 756 lines. Sir Theodore makes it run to over 1,100 lines, or about one-third more. This is partly due to some latitude of expansion to give poetic coloring, but it involves the sacrifice of the peculiar structure of Virgil's involuted lines, the characteristic *cæsura* at the half line.

In his preface Sir Theodore says some latitude of expansion is indispensable, or the charm of the original must be sacrificed. Well, if "latitude of expansion" simply means that many of Virgil's phrases cannot be made intelligible by the same number of English words, this is plausible enough.

—*Quisque suos patimur Manes*—  
is rendered by Martin  
Each soul its special penance has to  
bear,  
eight words in place of Virgil's four.  
But I rather prefer Mr. Billson's  
literal

—Each his own Doom we bear—

If, however, latitude of expansion means adding some thought, some grace, some image which is not in Virgil, after the manner of Dryden, Pope, and their school, then we may hold the superfluous words to be a fault.

Everyone may have a different feeling about the dilemma of using phrases to make the lines more like English

poetry—or of sticking to Virgil's words.

The two lines in Dido's famous invective (iv. 323-4):—

Fama prior, Cui me moribundam  
deseris, hospes,  
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjugē  
restat,

are translated by Mr. Billson in two lines thus:—

My once good fame. To whom thy  
dying Queen  
Leav'st thou, O Guest! my Love's sole  
title now!

I do not say that this is quite satisfactory; but it is literal, and gives the sense without any added word.

Sir Theodore expands the two lines into nearly four:—

—I held my head aloft. To whom dost  
thou

Abandon me, a woman marked for  
death (*moribundam*)

My guest, my guest! Since only by  
that name

I am to know my husband!

This is certainly good English, but I think it somewhat softens the concentrated fury of Dido, and, with the Latin words under my eye, I think I prefer the literal version. In Virgil's tragic bursts every word should be spared.

If I might suggest a close version, it would be:—

For whom dost cast me off to death,  
my—Guest?

This name alone is left me—Husband  
no more!

To do justice to Sir Theodore's really poetic version, we might take his rendering of the beautiful picture of night (iv. 521-528):—

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa  
soporem

Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva  
quiescant

Aequora, cum medio volvuntur sidera  
lapsu.

&c., &c.—In all, seven lines.

Sir Theodore gets this into nine lines:—

'Twas night, and wearied limbs through-  
out the land  
Were lapped in balmy sleep, the woods  
were still,  
And hushed the wild sea-waves. It  
was the time  
When the stars midway in their  
courses roll,  
When every field is silent, every beast  
And gaily plumaged bird, and all that  
lives  
In lake translucent, or in shaggy heath,  
In slumber sunk beneath the silent  
night,  
Find rest from trouble, and their toils  
forget.

This is poetry; nor would the lines  
seem quite out of place if we saw them  
in the *Excursion* or the *Idylls of the  
King*.

If one is to be precise, the five  
words *silvaeque et saeva quiescant  
aëquora* do not need nine words and  
two verbs. Why not *Woods and wild  
seas lay hushed?*

Mr. Billson has a fine line for  
line 526:—

That haunts the liquid mere or tangled  
brake.

Sir Theodore again is most success-  
ful with the lines (iv. 534-538):—

What shall I do? Where turn? Shall  
I approach

My former suitors, and be mocked by  
them?

Entreat on bended knee some Nomad  
chief

To wed me—me, who have so often  
spurned

The proffer of their hands? Or Ilion's  
fleet

Shall I go after it, and place myself  
At the mere mercy of these men of  
Troy?

Here Virgil's four lines are "ex-  
panded" into seven lines. The last  
three are certainly a fine rendering for  
Virgil's eight words:—

*Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima  
Teucrum  
Jussa sequar?*

Mr. Billson keeps to his text:—

Shall I track

The Trojans' ships, and serve their  
utmost will?

In 1906 Mr. Charles J. Billson, M.A.,  
of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, pub-  
lished the whole *Aeneid*, with text on  
one page and English blank verse  
translation on the opposite page (two  
volumes, 4to: Edward Arnold). This  
beautiful work contains the whole  
*Aeneid* and a translation side by side  
in the exact number of lines of the  
original. Scholarship and quality of  
the verse are both of the best; and  
I can only explain the fact that it has  
not long superseded all other versions  
by this: that two volumes quarto on  
fine paper and print—a real *édition de  
luxe*—do not in these days gain a  
rapid popularity.

I now give a specimen of Mr. Bill-  
son's work—the famous speech of  
Eleusinian mysteries by Anchises to  
Aeneas in Hades (vi. *Aeneid*). As Mr.  
Billson rigidly adheres to his text  
line for line, I print the original in a  
note:—

Know first that Heaven and Earth and  
flowing Sea,  
The Moon's far-shining orb, and  
Titan's stars

<sup>2</sup> Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentes  
Lucentemque globum Lunae Titanique astra  
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.  
Inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque vol-  
antum  
Et quae marmareo fert monstra sub aequore pon-  
tus.  
Igneus est ovis vigor et caelestis origo  
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant  
Terrenique hebetant artus moribundae membra.  
Hinc metuant cupiuntque, do'ent gaudetque,  
neque auras  
Dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.  
Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit.  
Non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus  
omnes

Corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est  
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.  
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum  
Supplicia expendant; aliae panduntur inanes  
Suspensae ad ventos; alii sub gurgite vasto  
Infectum eluunt scelus, aut exuritur igni;  
Quisque suos patimur Manes: exinde per amplum  
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus;  
Donec longa dies, perfecti temporis orbe,  
Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit  
Aetherium sensum atque aural simplicis ignem.  
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,  
Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,  
Scilicet inmemores superi ut convexa revisant  
Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.  
—"Aen." vi., 724-751.



An inner Soul sustains; a Spirit in-  
fused  
Moves in the mass, and sways the  
mighty frame.  
Thence men are born and beasts, and  
flying fowl,  
And shapes that swim the deep: their  
seeds of life  
Have fiery vigor, and celestial source,  
Save for the fleshly taint, the numbing  
weight  
Of earthly limbs and bodies made to  
die.  
Hence spring their fears, their love,  
and pain, and joy;  
And, pent in gloom, the light they  
never see  
From that blind dungeon. Nay, when  
life's last ray  
Departs, not yet all evil, not all taint  
Of carnal disappears; so long in-  
grained  
Needs must that inward growth be  
wondrous deep.  
Therefore they suffer chastisement,  
and purge  
Past sins by penance. Some are  
stretched and hung  
In the void winds, or under monstrous  
seas  
Their guilt is washed away, or burnt  
by fire.  
Each his own Doom we bear, (ere sent  
to dwell,  
A happy remnant, in Elysian meads,) Till Time fulfils the cycle, and takes  
out  
That inbred flaw, and unpolluted  
leaves  
The ethereal sense and Heaven's au-  
thentic fire.  
Rolled through a thousand years, God  
summons all  
Yon Souls to Lethe, that remembering  
nought  
They may behold once more the vault  
of Heaven  
Resuming wistfully the mortal flesh.  
—(Tr. F. H.)

Now here is a piece of Virgil's most  
closely compacted mysticism turned  
into exactly equivalent and readable  
English verse. The lines are not on  
the level of Milton, no doubt, but con-

sider the inexorable conditions of  
cramming Virgil's seventeen syllables  
into ten syllables, line for line. And  
yet what do we not gain by the  
economy of words and close adhesion  
to the poet's inimitable phrases. Old  
Dryden (Bk. vi. 980-1020), i.e., in  
forty verses for twenty-seven, is full  
of spirit, but how he embroiders his  
text! Thus the word *hebetant* swells  
out into—

"Blunt not the beams of Heav'n and  
edge of day,"  
all to get a rhyme to "decay."

Then, for *multa diu concreta*, he  
writes:—

"And spots of sin obscene in every  
face appear."

Again, *quisque suos patimur Manes*  
is—

"All have their Manes and those Manes  
bear,"

which is not very enlightening to an  
English reader.

Nor is Conington of much use—in  
two lines of twelve words:—

"Each for himself, we all sustain  
The durance of our ghostly pain."

Morris merely says:—

"And each his proper death must  
bear."

This is not correct. They are all dead  
already. *Manes*, as Sir Theodore  
shows, means "the special penance" of  
each soul.

Surely it is better to say with  
Billson—

"Each his own Doom we bear."

Turn now to Mr. Billson's version of  
the famous lines to the Genius of  
Rome:—

"Some with more grace may mould  
the breathing brass,  
And draw from stone, I trow, the  
living form,  
Plead causes better, map the heavenly  
paths,  
And tell the rising stars. Roman! be  
thine  
To sway the world with Empire!  
These shall be

Thine arts, to govern with the rule of  
Peace,

To spare the weak, and subjugate the  
proud!"

Surely this is better than Dryden's  
ten lines and his—

"Disposing peace and war thy own  
majestic way,"

or,

"To tame the proud, the fettered slave  
to free (*parcere subjectis*).

These are imperial arts, and worthy  
thee."

And is anything gained by Conington's  
two lines?—

"Show pity to the humbled soul,  
And crush the sons of pride."

But if this be poetry, it is not Virgil.

And William Morris is not better:—

"But thou, O Roman, look to it the  
folks of earth to sway,  
For this shall be their handicraft,  
peace on the world to lay."

How far better is Mr. Billson's—

"Roman! be thine

To sway the world with Empire! These  
shall be

Thine arts, to govern with the rule of  
Peace."

But this close following the precise  
words of Virgil and the strict limit of  
his lines, is bought at a heavy price—the  
almost total sacrifice of his majestic  
music. There is no possibility of  
any of Milton's "organ-voice of Eng-  
land"—he who revelled in resounding  
names from the Bible and the classics.  
The close translator of the *Aeneid* has  
to economize words as if he were  
composing a telegram to Russia or  
Japan.

It seems to me that Mr. Billson's re-  
sources in this dilemma are in the  
main two: and both are right. The  
first is the use of very short words,  
in one or two syllables; the second is

the omission of a word which, how-  
ever valuable for the rhythm, adds  
nothing useful to the sense. To note  
both points:—

(1) Our wonderfully rich language  
can express almost any noun, adjective,  
or verb either in a Saxon or  
Scandinavian word, or in a word of  
French and Latin origin. Thus in the  
Lord's Prayer of fifty-six words, there  
are only three that come from Latin  
origin. In *Paradise Lost* there are  
two or three non-Saxon words in each  
line. As a rule, the Saxon words  
are monosyllables or short; the Latin  
words are longer, and usually disylla-  
bles. By the heroic use of short  
Saxon words and the sparing use of  
longer Latin words—hardly one per  
line, apart from Latin names—Mr.  
Billson obtains simplicity, force, lu-  
cidity, and conciseness, but, of course,  
at the sacrifice of majesty and music.

(2) His second expedient is to drop  
out a word or an epithet which, what-  
ever its value to "the stateliest measure  
ever moulded by the lips of man,"  
adds nothing to the sense. For exam-  
ple, in the first line of *Aeneid* I, the  
word *oris*, beautiful in sound, adds  
nothing to the thought. *Litora* opens  
line 3. And Mr. Billson writes

"Who first from Troy,"

not "from Trojan shores," which would  
overburden the line.

Again, "*Siculae telluris*" becomes  
"Sicily"; and "*in altum vela dabant*"  
is sufficiently rendered by "they  
spread all sail." Nothing in sense is  
lost by dropping "*in altum*," for all  
sail can only be spread to reach open  
sea. Of old, Virgil was criticised for  
his "*fortis Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus*."

One of Virgil's most irritating com-  
monplaces is the incessant "*pius*  
*Aeneas*." Sir Theodore, Billson, Dry-  
den, and the rest generally call him  
"good Aeneas." But Aeneas was not  
good; and *pious* is not good. It is not  
translatable. *Pius* means conscien-

<sup>3</sup> *Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,  
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore volutus,  
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus  
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:  
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;  
Hæc tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*  
—"Aen." vi., 846-853.

tiously performing religious and family duties. Certainly Aeneas would not be called "good" by the shades of Creusa or of Dido; and his second marriage to Lavinia was rather a gruesome bridal. Aeneas reminds one of Tennyson's Arthur—the "blameless king," and the "white flower of a blameless life." Perhaps "blameless" would best answer to *pius*. But there are moments when one could almost prefer the word "prig."

I recently read *Aeneids* vii. to xii. with Dryden, Conington, and Morris beside me, and I have now read Books i. to vi., with Billson's Latin and English. I put it down with great enjoyment of the scholarship and literary skill of this great achievement. I hold it to be far the best of all versions of the *Aeneid* I know, and destined soon to supersede all others. But if it do this, it must appear in a form less sumptuous, and more within the reach of the ordinary student of Latin and the ordinary reader of fine poetry.

If anyone asks me what is the use of a translation to a scholar, and what is the pleasure of literal versions of poetry to the general reader, I reply:

The English Review.

the most accomplished Latin scholar must profit by following a very thoughtful and skilful study of Virgil's elaborate phraseology; and all who love poetry must enjoy to be brought so close to one of the immortal masterpieces of the ancient world.

In putting down my Virgil, I cannot resist the impression—one so constantly felt and so often expressed—that the latter six Books of the *Aeneid* are much inferior to the earlier six. Indeed, the battle passages of the later books are tiresome and conventional. Do not let us rate the *Aeneid* with the *Iliad* or the *Divine Comedy*—hardly with the Epic Sagas of an early age. Obviously, it has no place with the great tragedies, ancient or modern; to my mind, it should rather stand with Tasso than with Milton. But all comparisons are meaningless, and, indeed, mischievous. Virgil in all his works, *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Aeneids*, is always and peculiarly Virgil, *i.e.*, I suppose, the most exquisite master of subtle phraseology and of haunting melody in the whole range of any of the vast symphonies of verse—whether old or new.

Frederic Harrison.

## BRITISH MUSIC AND THE WAR.

When, at that period of the year at which all the great musical organizations were completing their arrangements for the coming winter, there occurred the sudden and terrible aspect of a great European war, there were those—and the majority of them were themselves musicians—who said that music would now have to take a back place; that it was not worth while thinking anything more about it for a time; that, in fact, for all practical purposes it would cease to exist until better times should come. Festivals

and "important" concerts were abandoned, and those who depended upon the art for a livelihood looked forward to lean days. The lean days have come, and it is not improbable that those in the near future may be still more lean; but music has not ceased to exist, nor has it become merely the solace of the whistling schoolboy or the feeble pastime of the young woman whose interest is centred in her own drawing-room. Its character has changed, as have also, to some extent, its purposes; and the political condi-

tions have given rise to new problems, technical, professional, and social, with regard to it. It has even recovered from the first shock, and real efforts have been made to replace it on its normal basis, efforts that have met with some success. Like everything else, it has been brought more or less under military control, though, curiously, there has been remarkably little military music. Whether the neglect of the latter is not a grave mistake on the part of the authorities is a question that not only deserves but requires immediate and careful consideration. In many places within the British Isles there has been more music during wartime than in corresponding periods of previous years, and much of it has been very good music indeed. The critics have been less evident than usual, it is true; but criticism as it is usually understood in these days, exercised through the medium of the newspapers, is at the best a makeshift which conditions and the ability of some of its exponents have raised to some importance, and which may be the means of progress to something more deserving of the name.

Perhaps the best thing that the war has done for music is that it has brought into closer touch the musician and the man in the trenches, and through him the man in the street. Hospital concerts, or at least many of them, have been of a remarkably high standard alike in matter and in manner. And, reaching down in other directions, musicians are realizing more readily than they have done for a century or two that music does not depend for its good qualities upon esoteric characteristics understood and appreciated only by a limited circle of trained listeners. They have pocketed their pride and have begun to admit that there may be some good in popular songs of the type of "Tipper-

ary" and the recruiting ballads which the cheap publishers promote assiduously.

Of course, modernism in all its aspects, impressionist, realist, etc., and all its technicalities will be set back considerably. We see this in the programmes of touring opera companies, which always depend chiefly upon old favorites, and now present scarcely anything else, and in the postponement of concerts where such modern works would otherwise be heard, or in the alteration of their programmes. It is not improbable that this may be an advantage, if it does not continue too long; for it will allow us more thoroughly to assimilate much that at present we know well only in its superficial characteristics.

One reason for all this is that, as a nation, we have been driven upon our own resources more than has been the case for upwards of a century or more, except so far as regards the classics and a number of works which have already won favor. Whilst there is still considerable debate as to how far the music composed by nationalities with which we are at war should be employed, the demand for British music of all types has undoubtedly increased in proportion, if not in actual bulk. One result has been that we have rediscovered, if it can be said that we ever previously discovered them, such talented composers as the late W. Y. Hurlstone and Learmont Drysdale, who died ere they had full opportunity of looking to their own interests. It has also made many who up to the beginning of the war had scarcely conceived of the existence of a national British art look round in the few moments which can be spared from the consideration of war matters with the object of ascertaining whether, after all, they have not ignored something of which they might now take notice with advantage to themselves and their compatriots.

This, of course, raises the question, which never can be answered except in a tentative and inconclusive manner, of what constitutes British music. There have been times when the British nation has sunk very low in its production and appreciation of music. Except for these occasional and brief lapses, however, it cannot be denied that the nation has been one which has found expression for its collective emotion in the practice, and to a smaller extent in the creation and construction, of music. Time was when most of the world's greatest executants were Englishmen, and when not a few of the great composers of their day were born and lived in England. To-day no other country produces so many orchestral players of the finest and most musician-like qualities as does Great Britain, and we are little, if at all, behind in other respects. In the matter of appreciation we can only point to the anxiety which foreign musicians of all nationalities show in their desire to win the plaudits of the British public, which is generally admitted to be the most critical in the world.

In simpler and less sophisticated days, in days when nature had freer scope than now for those kinds of music which we do not call art, for the spontaneous flow of song from the hearts of the people, for that of which we find scant remains in what we know as folksong, we have always ranked with the most musical of our neighbors. Even a German writer and professor of pronounced national views has admitted recently that "music pours, in the Middle Ages, from all the veins of the English people, and is the property both of rich and poor." In those days the problem of British music, so far as any one cared to think of it, was a simple one, for cosmopolitanism was a luxury of the rich and the adventurous. To-day

things are different. One great reason why there exists a problem of British music more acute than that of any other nation in Europe, or of any other nation in the world except America, is the existence of the most difficult problem of our nationality. It arises from the curious combination of insularity and hospitality, of isolation and fraternization, which forms an integral part of our national life.

Nationality in art or life is something of which it is impossible to give any adequate definition. So hopeless is the attempt to define the word that Mr. Ernest Newman, the most pronouncedly rationalist and for that reason the greatest failure amongst musical critics of to-day, has denied that such a thing or such a condition exists or can exist either in nature or in art. Ethnologists tell us that it is neither race nor domicile nor language which makes a nation; and it requires but little observation to know that it certainly is not the mere fact of a common government. Nevertheless nationality does exist, as is proved by very forcible evidence to-day. It therefore remains simply a psychological union of individuals and families which, like soul and genius and many other things in human life, we must recognize but can neither understand or define.

It is more than a little remarkable that nearly always the characteristics which are native to the British people have been seized upon by musicians who have come from other countries and have settled in our own. They have assimilated them so successfully, in fact, as to make English people imagine themselves to be dominated by foreign music. Dominated by foreign musicians they undoubtedly have been at many periods; but whether by foreign music is more questionable. Take, for instance, the case of, Handel, who for so long reigned supreme in the world



of British music. In no single respect did his foreign nationality help him, except that before he came to this country he had won the favor of the man who was later to become King of England; which proved, as events developed, a useful though not an all-prevailing commercial factor. Even the originality of his genius was not the determining force, for he followed very closely the fashion of his day and of his adopted country not only in the commonplace matters of daily life, but in the general principles and details of his art. One feature of his genius, however, was his capacity for assimilation; a quality which is important in all kinds of creative and constructive genius. Consequently he assimilated a tremendous amount of British music, while the British nation, in spite of its worship of his name, has assimilated only *The Messiah* and a few small movements from other great works. Particularly was Handel indebted to Purcell and to the whole school of British composers of his own and the immediately preceding period, though probably he did not "annex" a single passage from any of their works. What he gathered from them was their spirit and their style. Handel, therefore, became as thoroughly British in his art as by process of law he became British in respect of his civic rights and responsibilities. The contention that this change in him invalidates the idea of distinctive nationality may be answered by pointing out that others possessed of less genius have been less assimilative than he and have remained German in thought and spirit throughout their lives, notwithstanding long residence in this country.

Without pretending that this is conclusive evidence, we may well say that it sufficiently establishes the fact of the existence in music not only of a condition describable as nationality,

but of a distinctively national feeling and expression in the art, to make the question of its application a practical one. The problem is a complex one, comprising as it does those of language, of sentiment, of esthetics (which itself covers style in both folksong and in art music), and, most of all, of selection in presentation and in educational matters. Briefly, it is the retention or the creation and development of a musical atmosphere throughout the whole nation.

An interesting point to notice with regard to the effect of the war on the music and the general education of the British people is that, while it has caused a great increase in the study of foreign languages, it has well-nigh banished every language except English from the concert-room. The exclusion of many foreign artists from the platform and stage has increased and will continue to increase this tendency, and English songs as well as translations of foreign songs must of necessity become more and more the fashion. There is in this both an advantage and a danger. It shows as nothing else can show that the English language is not an unmusical one. At the same time it may—in many instances it almost certainly will—cause a tendency to overlook the need of the exact relation between word and note; for the art of effective translation, especially in association with that of music, is one of the most difficult and unsatisfactory of all arts.

Notwithstanding what has been said as to the distinctive character of British music, one is bound to admit that for a considerable period in the nineteenth century—that is, after the discovery of Bach and Mendelssohn—it was largely Germanized. When all men loved the lesser of these two geniuses and worshipped, even though at a distance, the greater of them, it was

impossible they should not make a deep and lasting impression. And in speaking of German music we must remember that the description is not confined by political or geographical limits any more than is the German language. Bach and Mendelssohn were Germans because they belonged to one of the nations forming the great German federation and empire. They were also Germans in the same way as were the Strausses (of waltz fame) and other Austrian composers whose influence in England was extensive and intensive. The indubitable talent and industry of many living German composers has worked for the continuance of this impression, though there has been added the influence of many clever and sometimes inspired composers of Russia and France, as well as that of the largely increased number of uncommonly gifted native musicians.

In the matter of the young French and Russian schools or groups, the war will almost certainly have the effect of increasing their popularity and thus extending and deepening their influence in England. For a time there will be a lull in the demand for music generally, except of the simpler and the lower types. As the general demand for music increases, the works of modern German composers will largely be displaced by those of natives of the allied countries and especially by those of our own composers. This period will be the opportunity of men who have long waited for recognition; whether they will seize it depends mainly upon themselves.

Every careful observer must be well aware of the growth of British composers not only in numbers or in technical ability or in the desire and capability to keep up to date with modern ideas and methods, but also in sheer inspiration and marrow. Whatever

may be said of individuals, of the innovations they have made, and the general recognition at home and abroad of the value of those innovations, it is in the farthest extreme doubtful whether we have to-day a composer to share the premier rank with Henry Purcell. It is not doubtful, however, whether our composers as a body are worthy of a place alongside those of other countries, and the opinion that they must take a higher place is no mere fond patriotic dream. Therefore, apart from the present war and to a certain extent also because of it, the influence of living German composers must and will decline.

It is neither likely nor desirable that the influence of the classics will decrease to any appreciable extent, save in the inevitable decay which the passage of time imposes on all creation. The natural conservatism of the British people as well as their increasing appreciation of whatever is good in music will prevent this. This conservatism is one of the greatest supports of the nation even in matters of art. By it we avoid the danger of having our taste irretrievably spoiled by passing fashions or momentary obsessions. The popularity of the works of Handel may have had certain ill effects; but most surely it has warded off effects which would have been worse. We may have refused the best new music because we preferred to keep to that which we have proved to be moderately good. Quite certainly for the same reason we have refused much that was bad.

Some of the effects of the present upheaval will be retarded by this national characteristic and also by the restriction of certain classes of musical performance. The inevitable inundation of the country by patriotic and pseudo-patriotic compositions is not so great a danger to the appreciation of the better classes of music as it may

appear at first sight. Some of these compositions are genuine and spontaneous expressions of feeling, though the majority are merely commercial ventures. Commercial music, of course, is never desirable; but it is unavoidable. Therefore we have to make of it the best we can. The same thing may be said of that which is crude. But patriotic music is not bad because it is patriotic; it is quite the reverse, in fact, provided it is good *as music*. Anything which forms an adequate expression of a worthy or noble feeling cannot be bad for that reason. That some of the great composers have failed in attempting to write it is no proof of its inherent badness. Purcell, Arne, and Haydn at least have proved that it is possible to write noble patriotic music; and even had they not done so, this would only have signified that the subject or the occasion had failed to inspire these individuals.

British composers, therefore, must, as some already seem to be doing to a small extent, seize the opportunity of showing that they can produce music of the best quality which is not of an inappropriate character. The first and most important thing they have to do is to persuade themselves that this is possible. The man with the highest artistic ideals should be the last person to refrain from appealing to the public. Great poets have rarely hesitated to make this appeal and have been no less great because of it; and, after all, it is the public that forms the ultimate and the best critic. English people have a reputation abroad for being shy and lacking in confidence in social matters. They certainly are so in musical matters. Is it not possible that the war may have the effect of increasing our confidence with regard to both of these? Some of those who have been rudely and cruelly interned by the

enemy were already learning lessons of assimilation and independence. It may mean the close of the careers of some of them, but certainly not of all, and their fate may stir to new life in others the passions which are the inspiration of great art.

Further, this war may be the occasion of our young composers taking a step back in order to be better able to go forward. The classes of music which have the greatest opportunity of making progress, of adapting themselves to the newest circumstances, are those which provide amusement. It may be remembered in this connection that the greatest British composer of a generation ago, the one whose works show the deepest psychological insight of any composed for a century or more, was the one who made his fame as a writer of amusing operettas; and it is in some of these operettas that he appears at his greatest. Many of the greatest classical works, too, such as the operas of Mozart, the pianoforte works of Haydn and Weber, and the orchestral pieces of Mendelssohn, had no other object than to please. And it is pleasure, though not gaiety, that is sought for in music in these strenuous and distressing times.

Acute commercial problems arising out of the present condition of affairs bring forward in sharp outline the relations of professional and amateur. A war is always a severe blow to professionalism in art, which may be a good thing; but it also inflicts hardships upon a legitimate and honorable profession, which is a bad thing. The worst features of British commercialism as such (that is, apart from any opportunities it may give to actual wrongdoing) appear in the abandonment of the Birmingham and Sheffield Festivals. Both these cities, in which in the ordinary course these Festivals should have been held, profit largely by

the supply of war materials and after months of fighting are in a better financial and industrial position than ever. Yet the Festival committees have not hesitated to cancel all the engagements which would have been a godsend to the artists and to many tradespeople, as well as a diversion from more sordid matters and an encouragement to the art itself. These matters may seem to affect the output

*The British Review.*

of truly artistic work very little and to call for nothing more than passing notice in an article devoted to questions of the position of an art; but they have a direct bearing on the artistic life of the nation and cannot but result in a loss which even time itself will hardly efface. The "distress of nations" is not merely material, but psychological, and the suppression of the art is contributory to it.

*Herbert Antcliffe.*

## THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

### CHAPTER III.

Alone in his own room, the Duke tossed his coat to the bed, and, having trundled an arm-chair to the fire, sat down in it. He had said that he was tired, but his alert bearing belied the statement.

For two or three minutes he seemed placidly content with his thoughts, while he continued to finger absent-mindedly that ghoulish bracelet on his left wrist. Then the stroke of a clock made him glance at his watch. A quarter to seven!

"What! no more than that?" he whispered.

But he soon realized that, although much had happened for his instruction since his return to the hotel, the main sensational incidents had taken but little time from their beginning to their surprising conclusion—the blessing from that well-nigh incredible yet extremely interesting young man who—

Suddenly he did a strange thing. Detaching the garrotte from his wrist, he looped it round his neck and made a brief but violent experiment upon himself.

"That will do; my faith, yes!" he murmured afterwards, with a laugh that was almost a chuckle. "They have a trick about it, I have heard, which kills very quick. Yes, probably

I have had a closer shave than I supposed. Perhaps"—

But a vision of his wife Adela stole upon him, and he crossed himself. He was a Catholic, and he had not spoken extravagantly to Shemstein the banker in his allusion to her letter of that morning as a talisman. The prayers of so sweet a saint for his protection and the welfare of the country to which (as she believed, and sometimes made him also believe) God Himself had summoned them both could not but be listened to in heaven. Perhaps he owed his salvation more to her direct intercession than to anything else.

Another vision followed—a fanciful one this time, of the old Chieftain of Polp, the father of the young man who had come to him with such bloody purposes under his blushes.

Blenaria was still a medieval country in its clans, rough customs, and traditions. The Duke knew this terrible old chieftain of the mountains, only by report, as a giant in stature, with a patriarchal white beard, and more than eighty years of age, who had been married four times, and had for fifty years been accustomed to murder his enemies, when possible, with as little compunction as a starving man might kill a chicken—throttle them, when he could conveniently get them

that way. As the Duke had told Shemstein the banker, it was a cherished old habit, this of the garrotte, like others in the wilds of Blenaria, good as well as bad; keeping a promise, for example. When a Blenarian said he would do a thing he did it, cost him what it might, if he could. They had virtues under their truculent exteriors, even the most ruthless of them. It was something, indeed much, to be, as it were, constitutionally unable to tell a lie.

This grim, indomitable old chieftain, this "splendid old man," as the Duke remembered styling him just now to his trifle of a son who, under his father's orders, had made such a desperate, old-fashioned attempt on the life of his king, was here in London! What an anachronism! His glaringly gorgeous native costume of scarlet, peacock-blue, and crude green, the jacket studded with silver buttons (dozens of them, large and small), his cross-gartered shins (like columns, no doubt), his belt full of beautifully hilited daggers, and all the comic-opera rest of him, in the midst of the black coats, the engrossed, civilized faces, and the policemen of twentieth-century London!

And the others with him, who together had sent the Duke that truthful letter of the morning—bold medieval souls, eager to make any sacrifice for those old-fashioned fetishes popularly known as Liberty and Independence! The picturesque stupid! As if in these days any human being was, or could be, independent of his fellow-creatures, or free to do as he would—even a Tsar of Russia, the Chieftain of that little mountain patch Polp in Blenaria, or an aviator high in the air in the latest record-breaking air-machine!

But the last of his visions brought the Duke sharply to his feet.

On this crumbling old altar that ter-

rible old man Apollonius Kragatz of Polp had sentenced to death not only himself, the king aspirant of Blenaria, but his own son! The stout-hearted monster! Whether this poor little Pedro Kragatz, his son, had succeeded or failed in his strangling, he was afterwards to poison himself as a sacrifice on that same altar!

The Duke produced the blue phial he had snatched from the strangler, and held it to the light.

He had arrested the tragedy thus far; but what might not be happening at that very moment in the Whitemonk Street rendezvous of these unscrupulous patriots, as they called themselves? Little question the poor boy Pedro had rejoined them, to tell of his failure, and—to suffer the consequences.

"By all the saints—no!" muttered the Duke, as he looked round, crimson-faced, for his coat. He saw the little fellow blessing him as King Uiric of Blenaria, and chancing it, with that wan, scaffold-smile.

Another moment or two and the Duke's arms were into his coat. He also would chance something, like Pedro Kragatz, who had shown that he came of a breed of heroes as well as stranglers. The boy should not die at the hands or bidding of his own father in that murder-hole of Whitemonk Street, or anywhere, if he, with or without higher aid, could prevent it.

But there was no time to waste. The thought of taking Von Enselsing into his confidence was abandoned as soon as weighed. It would mean lost time, to begin with.

The police? Well, perhaps. He would think about that when he was in the street. Two or three of the famous big London constables and their truncheons might, with himself, be quite a good match for the five Blenarian desperadoes, if these



could be pounced upon unawares.

By good fortune the Duke's heavy travelling-coat was in a wardrobe of his bedroom, with a light cap in its pocket. He slipped on both of them, and, furtive as a burglar, let himself into the corridor and moved away softly. Still more good fortune; the lift was at his service when he reached it!

"Be brisk, my lad!" he said, and presently he left the hotel without other restraint than the bows of a few servants with practised memories for faces.

One of the men followed him to make sure that his royal feet did not fatigue or dust themselves for an unnecessary inch; but he was waved aside.

"No, no; I will see to myself, I thank you," said the Duke.

He kept to the pavement for a few yards, and then hurried to Whitemonk Street in a common taxi. The driver was not very certain about the street, but knew its locality, he said, if that would do.

"That will do very capitally," the Duke told him. "You put me down as near as you think you are to it. The corner of a principal street will be best, and then I shall ask. But make haste, you know."

There would probably be a convenient policeman or two at such a corner as that. Meanwhile there would be time to settle definitely about taking these same policemen as companions for his farther progress toward that No. 19 house of perchance Doom!

The taxi made a very fair fitting of it. But the Duke's thoughts moved even faster than the car, and scarcely a furlong of the distance was covered when an inspiration that seemed to him quite brilliant told him what to do. He would meet Apollonius Kragatz without any police to support him, but as man to man, or rather one man to

five, or as many more as there might be in that den of stranglers. And whether the old demon had or had not a murdered son in the room also to bear witness against him, he would tell him simply and straight what he thought of him and his pig-headed obstinacy in trying to live as if he were in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, not the twentieth. Perhaps his bloody-minded audience would not listen patiently while he talked. There would be bombs and pistols and strangling leathers in the room, no doubt, and the temptation to finish him off would be strong for them. But he would chance it—for Blenaria's sake. Though ignorant and misguided by the grossest of prejudices, a man like the Chieftain of Polp was, of course, the very pith and power of the tens of thousands of rude folk in Polp. So influential a barbarian was worth trying to win, even at the dagger's point.

The Duke had his exultant moments of transporting unreason, like other chivalrous souls, and these were some of them.

It would be a little complication for Europe, and a sad blow for his beloved Adela, if he were really going to his death in this Whitemonk Street. The betting was not in his favor—he saw that. But he saw more plainly and seductively the high side of the enterprise, and resolved to go through with it.

There was also the sporting side. He had stalked and shot elephants under Kilimanjaro, and something of the same glorious breath-checking thrill was in his blood now as when he had stood gun to shoulder with nothing between him and four hundredweight of charging ivory and tons of angry flesh and bones, except just his nerve and an ounce or two of lead.

The May dusk was at hand when the car stopped, and, warm with enthusiasm, he alighted.

"Soho Street, sir," announced the driver. "Whitemonk Street's somewhere in Soho."

"Yes, that's what I thought," said the Duke. "I shall give you a sovereign. Oh, wait a bit," he exclaimed with a smile, and a hand raised against the man's thanksgivings; "you have to do something else, you know, for all that money. It isn't much, though. Give me a moment!"

He spent several moments writing in his pocket-book. Then he tore out and folded the page, addressed it to Captain Von Enselsing, and laid it on the seat of the car.

"You stay here for me one hour, my good fellow. If I don't come back by, let's say, eight o'clock, you take that small letter for me to the Ritz Hotel. That's all. And here's the—the quid, eh?"

He laughed and marched away, and the taxi-man appreciatively pouched the quid.

"No common foreign cove that, I'd lay a dollar!" observed the taximan, with but little risk to his banking account.

The Duke inquired his way twice, and was then in Whitemonk Street. He hummed a Strauss tune. An Italian organ at the door of an Italian *trattoria* welcomed him toward his ordeal with music.

Whitemonk Street was a frowsy lane of tallish red houses, mostly engaged as to their ground floors in public business—comestible-shops, cheap restaurants, &c. There was nothing at all sinister about these premises, and the only suggestions of violence offered to the Duke were their drifting smells of cooked food. But above the shops there might be anything. The upper windows on both sides seemed even darker than the time of day encouraged them to be; and on both sides, between the more cheerful shop windows, were occasional alleyways,

needle-eyed, black as pitch, hinting that approach to certain of those upper chambers might easily be made both difficult and deadly.

Of course, of course. For all this the Duke was prepared. He knew something about the complex characters of the denizens of Soho. The London cyrie of these stranglers of Blenaria was likely to be just such a quiet hell as this, with armed men and secret passwords between him and his quarry.

But, much to his surprise, it was not so with No. 19.

The door of the *blanchisseuse* tinkled a brassy bell and let him in. The *blanchisseuse's* name over the window, Marie Quigley, and the white sample shirts and collars of her handiwork in the window, were just as little provocative of emotions.

No one came to the counter until the Duke had tapped three times—the last time strenuously. Then a perfectly commonplace boy of fourteen or fifteen, with an upturned nose, sauntered in, and began to tell the Duke, with an Irish accent, that his mother was out and would not be back until—

"That does not matter at all," interrupted the Duke. He whispered the word "Kragatz." "You have some one here of that name?"

"Oh," said the boy, "and is it him ye want? Old Guy Fawkes! Ye'll be the doctor, I'm thinkin'. Just come this way, will ye? an' I'll show ye the stairs, sorr! The poor old bloke!"

"The—what?" exclaimed the Duke, pausing in the dark throat of the side staircase, with a glimmer of reddish light above, to which the lad led him. So a doctor was expected? That was strange indeed; and it would suit him well to get to his battlefield in that or any friendly guise. But the words "poor old bloke" shocked him.

"Do you speak of Mr. Kragatz like

that? Do you mean him?" demanded the Duke with unconscious severity. "Ah, well, it does not matter," he whispered. "But tell me, how many men are there with him?"

"Only him an' his son, sorr. Them others left about a quarter of an hour ago, after he had his turn. An' I didn't mean no harm callin' him that!" answered the boy.

"So!" The Duke's imagination worked fast. The chieftain had had a turn—of temper, no doubt—and he was alone with his son. Was the lad alive or dead? "I go up. Which room is it?" he asked quietly.

*Chambers's Journal.*

*(To be concluded.)*

*C. Edwardes.*

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BY THE MARCHESA PERUZZI DE'MEDICI.

In the late fifties the Villa Belvedere Marciano, near Siena, became for five years our summer home. From the terrace garden, looking across a valley of olives and vines, we could see the grim square Villa Alberti where the Brownings lived; then Villa Borghese, for a time occupied by Tommaseo—the patriot whose inscription to Mrs. Browning on Casa Guidi makes him dear to all Anglo-Saxons—which afterwards became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Black and their clever daughters; and Villa Bargagli, in a grove of trees, where the Crawfords came for a month or so. Our nearest neighbors were Count Gori Pannilini and his family. My father soon discovered in the person of the tutor of young Giulio Gori that rare kindred spirit Enrico Nencioni. At that time Nencioni's scant knowledge of English made it impossible to foresee that in the years to come he would become a great critic of English poetry; but my father soon felt that he had such a fine mind and such an

"There's a holy image and a lamp over the door, sorr," replied the boy. "Ye can't miss seein' it."

"I thank you," said the Duke, who soon reached his destination. As the boy said, there was no missing that little plaster saint painted in blue and gold, and the hanging lamp of ruby glass before it. They were devout creatures in Bienaria, even the worst of them. The Duke did not recognize the image, which was presumably the patron saint of the strangling fraternity. He listened at the door, heard no sound within, knocked, and entered the room.

intuition for the beautiful that he took great pleasure in initiating him into the study of English poetry and would read with him for hours in the evening. It was here, too, that Nencioni made the acquaintance of Browning, for which he was ever grateful to my father. His book—in Italian, of course—on English literature now lives as one of the best proofs that his mind brought forth good fruit. His two essays—with their translation of poems—on Tennyson and Browning, are masterly, and I have often heard Mr. Browning say that Nencioni of all critics was the one that understood him best, and for whom he had the utmost regard.

These years at the villa, guests came and went; Charles Sumner, Charles Eliot Norton, Hawthorne, Odo Russell amongst the number left their record behind them. In 1857 Donati's comet, with its luminous tail, hung suspended in the sky framed by the two tall cypresses.

One morning in July 1859, my

father received the following letter:—

"Dear Mr. Story,—My friends the Brownings tell me that you are residing in Siena. This is a great inducement for me to take a house for a year in that city. My family are in possession of the most charming Villa and grounds within two miles of Florence which I very imprudently gave entirely up to them, with a large income reserving for myself extremely little, so I am constrained to be economical. . . . "W. S. Landor."

That day my father and mother talked much of Mr. Landor, to whom they had taken a letter of introduction from Mr. Kenyon when he was living in Bath, and had seen him there most agreeably, but they had not met since then. My father had the greatest admiration for him as a master of the noblest English, and was delighted with the prospect of seeing him soon, as he had a few lines from Robert Browning, saying that he was bringing Mr. Landor down from Florence at once, sure of the warm welcome he would meet with at the Villa Belvedere.

When we heard the wheels of the carriage grinding on the gravel path, we went to the front door just as Browning's strong vibrating voice called out "Here we are, I have brought Mr. Landor to you!" and Mr. Landor's exclamation of "God bless my soul, what a charming place this is!" Mr. Landor looked travel-stained and weak as he stumbled up the few steps leading into the hall. He was then eighty-six years of age, and the past few days, since he had left his villa at San Domenico, had been tragic. I remember the feeling of pity that swelled in my heart as I looked on this old gentleman, and recalled what my father had said of him. He looked tired and dazed—so much so, that my mother hastened to give him some refreshment, and then took him to his room to rest.

Mr. Browning then explained his reason for bringing Mr. Landor at once to Siena. It was a most pitiable story. He had met the old gentleman in Florence quite casually. He was coming towards Casa Guidi, and looked hot and weary, for he had walked down the long dusty road from Fiesole in the hot sun. He told Mr. Browning that he and his wife had had a violent quarrel, and that she and his children had turned him out of the villa and bade him "be off for ever." He had only fifteen pails in his pocket, and knew not what to do; but had wandered down from Florence broken and disconsolate, but with enough of the old heroic force in him to breathe out wrath against the family which had disowned him. Mr. Browning at once took him to Casa Guidi and tried to arrange a reconciliation with his family, but in vain; then not knowing what to do with Mr. Landor until he had time to communicate with his friends in England, and having no room to offer him in Casa Guidi, he had brought him to Siena, sure of the welcome he would have there from my father and mother.

Mr. Landor remained a guest at the villa for over a month. In the peaceful family life there he gained in strength and vigor, and his great extravagant mind recovered youthful elasticity. No more agreeable guest could there have been found; not a word escaped him that would have revealed a violent temper. A very early riser, Mr. Landor devoted many hours to writing in his room Latin and English verse, and an occasional "imaginary conversation." These he would read to us, and with the utmost courtesy and a grand old-fashioned bow present the MS. to me the young daughter of the house, as he continued often to do in after years. He gave me my first lessons in Latin every morning, and after the lesson would

repeat to me long passages from his favorite poets. Nothing would rouse his anger more than anyone speaking of Latin as a dead language: "It will live when all other languages are dead and buried, as it has lived all these years." There is no doubt that it was very living to him, and he said that he felt more sure of his Latin than his English verse.

The lesson over, we would stroll in the shade of the ilexes that overhung the steep road below the villa, where from between their branches we had glimpses of the blue Monte Amiata. He would quote from his favorite English authors—and how wide a range of literature that was! My father generally joined us, and what one had forgotten the other recalled. They seldom disagreed. Landor's face would glow with enthusiasm as he rolled out some favorite choice lines in his deep low voice. Chaucer was, of the early poets, his favorite.

"When I read Chaucer, I feel as if I were in the fresh open air; and when I read Spenser, I feel as if I were shut up in a room full of perfumes."

I owe to him my first enthusiasm for Keats; his reading of parts of "Hyperion," "The Ode to the Grecian Urn," and "The Hymn to Pan," made such an impression on me. His admiration for Keats was unbounded. My mother noted down that he said: "Keats is the greatest poet the world ever saw. Other great poets there have been, none more wonderful. He is a Greek."

When the Brownings came down to Villa Alberti for the summer they brought with them a rough linen bag, such as the peasants use for corn; it had been sent to Mr. Landor from his family. It contained a heterogeneous mass of clothing stuffed tightly in it with a few Latin books. My mother bade the housekeeper put all these in order, and on my birthday from this

chaos emerged a blue coat with brass buttons, a beflowered waistcoat, and a frilled shirt, which he put on in my honor, saying that he and Count d'Orsay had had them made exactly alike to wear at Lady Blessington's marriage. At lunch he rose up and proposed my health with great pomp of circumstance.

When I gave him a little silk watch-chain, I received these verses in return:—

"TO EDITH STORY.

"With pride I wear a silken twine,  
Precious is every gift of thine;  
Only less precious is the chain  
Hymen is pouting for in vain;  
But in his pouting seems to say  
Well I must come another day.

"W. S. Landor."

At the back of the house, which was all overgrown with jasmine and big-  
nonia, there was a grass terrace shaded over by one big tree, and there my mother's tea-table formed the centre of much good talk. Steps led below to the Italian flower-garden with its stiff flower-beds and lemon-pots—and the old well in the centre surmounted by iron-work. At the end of the garden a steep wall sloped down into the vineyard below, on which grew heavy tufts of the caper plant. Beyond, through the vineyards, here and there dotted over by villas and groups of cypresses, Siena rose upon the horizon-line with her characteristic Torre della Mangia and domes.

My father and Landor would pace up and down the narrow pathways of the garden, with their hands behind them, pausing to look at the flowers on either side and speaking of their character and beauty. Both had the same feeling about not plucking flowers.

"And 'tis and ever was my wish and  
way  
To let all flowers live freely and all  
die



Where'er their genius bids their soul  
depart  
Among their kindred in their native  
place.  
I never pluck the rose, the violet's  
head  
Hath shaken with my head upon its  
bank  
And not reproached it; the ever sacred  
cup  
Of the pure Lily hath between my  
hands  
Felt safe, unsolled, nor lost one grain  
of gold."

In one corner of the garden a big spider had spun his large web. From angle to angle, strong and firm, it hung suspended among the flower-beds. Every day my father and Mr. Landor would go and look at the "Old Bishop," as they called him, for he had a large cross on his back, and we children were warned not to touch his episcopal domain. His larder, up in one corner of the web, was fully replenished with little bunches of dead flies and insects, and he daily waited in his place of observation on his hunting-ground for more sport, dashing out on his prey with a rapidity extraordinary considering the weight of his round voluminous body and slender legs. It amazed me that two poets should find so much amusement in watching this spider!

Mr. Landor never dwelt on his family bickerings with us children. In fact, he often told us of the delightful romps he used to have in the old days at the villa of San Domenico, with his fine boys and "his sweet little Julia." Only once, I remember, he touched the tragic chord, when he brought me an epigram he had just written, that very morning:—

"Out of his paradise an angel drove  
Adam,  
A devil drove me out of mine. Thank  
you, madam."

One day Mr. Landor looked over my shoulder as I was reading Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata":—

"Canto l'armi pietose e il Capitano  
Che il Gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo;  
Molto egli oprò col senno e colla mano  
Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto."

and, with a touch of humor in his voice, said "I will give you a new reading of that fourth verse":—  
"E bravo fù col singheltico e fisto."

The Brownings almost invariably came over in the afternoon to tea on the grass terrace. Mr. Hamilton Wild, the genial artist, was a constant guest at the villa, and painted a charming little picture that perished, unfortunately, in a Boston fire. With the picturesque background of the villa there were grouped around the tea-table the Brownings, Mr. Landor, and my mother and father; in the distance my brothers Waldo and Julian playing games with Pen Browning, whilst I, an awkward little girl, sat on the garden-wall near the tea-table listening to the talk of the elders, as in memory I am listening to-day. It seems to me very vivid still. Would that I could record it word for word, so full of interest and vigor and covering such space of thought! Mr. Browning and my father were always the principal talkers, and so to speak capped each other's verses. If Henry James in his life of my father had not recorded many of Mr. Landor's sayings from the notes jotted down at the time by my mother this would be the page for them now, but they have seen the light of day. Mr. Landor was most extravagant in the expression of his likes and dislikes. His admiration of Garibaldi amounted to hero worship, and he followed every act of his life with intense interest; not so with Louis Napoleon, for whom he had the greatest contempt, never losing a chance when he could utter his anathema against him. He had known him well in England, and near acquaintance seems to have given him the worst possible opinion of the man.

Mrs. Browning, with her face hidden under her large hat and curls, would be stirred past endurance by these assaults on her hero who was her "Emperor evermore," and would raise her treble voice even to a shrill pitch in protest, until Mr. Browning would come into the fray as mediator.

In those days our hearts and brains were occupied with the destinies of Italy, and the little group of friends followed with intense absorbing interest every act, every word, that came from Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour—those protagonists of her national liberty.

Mr. Browning, who was a very early riser when there was any event pending, would walk betimes with his brisk firm step into Siena for the news that might be posted on the doors of the city hall or for newspapers that had arrived during the night. If there were anything of importance he would first come to us to report and talk it over and then take the short cut to Villa Alberti across the vineyards. All the English papers and letters between the two families were common property in those days. Italians never can nor will forget the sympathy England gave her during the time of her trial. They felt the pulse and the grip of friendship, needing no armed intervention: that in the nature of things could not be, but her aid made it possible for Italy to work out her salvation.

We were all grieved when the day came for Mr. Landor to leave us, though it was but across the valley, where the Brownings had taken a small house on the roadside for him, and were anxious to try the experiment of his living alone with the good Wilson to look after him, as Mrs. Browning writes:—

"Within a stone's throw, in a villino, lives the poor old lion Landor, who, being sorely buffeted by his family at

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Fiesole far beyond 'kissing with tears' (though Robert did what he could), took refuge with us at Casa Guidi one day broken hearted and in wrath. He stays here while we stay and then goes with us to Florence where Robert has received the authorization of his English friends to settle him in an apartment of his own with my late maid Wilson to take care of him, and meanwhile the quiet of this place has so restored his health and peace of mind that he is able to write awful Latin alcaics, to say nothing of hexameters and pentameters, on the wickedness of Louis Napoleon."

When he moved to Florence to the house in the Via dell' Annunziata, where he lived until his death, Pen Browning and I used often to go to see him on our way to and from Rome. At the door we were always met by Can Giallo, the yellow dog my father had given to Mr. Landor, whose barking nearly deafened us though it seemed in no way to trouble his master. On one of these visits I remember the deep interest we took in looking over the contents of an old dusty desk with him, full of little nothings. His eyes suddenly filled with tears as he touched a little package tied up with a brown string as he said: "That belonged to Rose Aylmer." The sweet magic name remained in my memory, until in after years I read that tenderest of little love poems, which will carry her name down for generations to come. Nothing could exceed Mr. Landor's kindness to children; his generous impulses were never to let us go away empty-handed. To Pen he gave books, for by this time his family had given him back his books and pictures; there were always some verses for me in remembrance of the old Siena days. He also gave me his own copy of his "Pericles and Aspasia," bound in russet leather with heavy gold tooling—a relic of his great library at Llanthony Abbey.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

### X. DEEDS OF DARKNESS.

A moonlit, wintry night. Four hundred men are clumping along the frost-bound road, under the pleasing illusion that because they are neither whistling nor talking they are making no noise.

At the head of the column march Captains Mackintosh and Shand, the respective commanders of C and D Companies. Occasionally Mackintosh, the senior, interpolates a remark of a casual or professional nature. To all these his colleague replies in a low and reproachful whisper. The pair represent two schools of military thought—a fact of which their respective subalterns are well aware,—and act accordingly.

"In preparing troops for active service, you must make the conditions as *real* as possible from the very outset," postulates Shand. "Perform all your exercises just as you would in war. When you dig trenches, let every man work with his weather-eye open and his rifle handy, in case of sudden attack. If you go out on night operations, don't advertise your position by stopping to give your men a recitation. No talking—no smoking—no unnecessary delay or exposure! Just go straight to your point of deployment, and do what you came out to do."

To this Mackintosh replies—

"That's all right for trained troops. But ours aren't half-trained yet; all our work just now is purely educational. It's no use expecting a gang of rivet-heaters from Clydebank to form an elaborate outpost line, just because you whispered a few sweet nothings in the dark to your leading section of fours! You simply *must* explain every step you take, at present."

But Shand shakes his head.

"It's not soldierly," he sighs.

Hence the present one-sided—or apparently one-sided—dialogue. To the men marching immediately behind, it sounds like something between a soliloquy and a chat over the telephone.

Presently Captain Mackintosh announces—

"We might send the scouts ahead now, I think."

Shand gives an inaudible assent. The column is halted, and the scouts called up. A brief command, and they disappear into the darkness, at the double. C and D Companies give them five minutes start, and move on. The road at this point runs past a low, mossy wall, surmounted by a venerable yew hedge, clipped at intervals into the semblance of some heraldic monster. Beyond the hedge, in the middle distance, looms a square and stately Georgian mansion, whose lights twinkle hospitably.

"I think, Shand," suggests Mackintosh with more formality, now that he is approaching the scene of action, "that we might attack at two different points, each of us with his own company. What is your opinion?"

The officer addressed makes no immediate reply. His gaze is fixed upon the yew hedge, as if searching for gun positions or vulnerable points. Presently, however, he turns away, and coming close to Captain Mackintosh, put his lips to his left ear. Mackintosh prepares his intellect for the reception of a pearl of strategy.

But Captain Shand merely announces, in his regulation whisper—

"Dam pretty girl lives in that house, old man!"

### II.

Private Peter Dunshie, scout, grop-

ing painfully and profanely through a close-growing wood, paused to unwind a clinging tendril from his bare knees. As he bent down, his face came into sudden contact with a cold, wet, prickly bramble-bush, which promptly drew a loving but excoriating finger across his right cheek.

He started back, with a muffled exclamation. Instantly there arose at his very feet the sound as of a motor-engine being wound up, and a flustered and protesting cock-pheasant hoisted itself tumultuously clear of the undergrowth and sailed away, shrieking, over the trees.

Finally, a hare, which had sat cowering in the bracken, hare-like, when it might have loped away, selected this, the one moment when it ought to have sat still, to bolt frantically between Peter's bandy legs and speed away down a long moon-dappled avenue.

Private Dunshie, a prey to nervous shock, said what naturally rose to his lips. To be frank, he said it several times. He had spent the greater part of his life selling evening papers in the streets of Glasgow: and the profession of journalism, though it breeds many virtues in its votaries, is entirely useless as a preparation for conditions either of silence or solitude. Private Dunshie had no experience of either of these things, and consequently feared them both. He was acutely afraid. What he understood and appreciated was Argyle Street on a Saturday night. That was life! That was light! That was civilization! As for creeping about in this uncanny wood, filled with noxious animals and adhesive vegetation—well, Dunshie was heartily sorry that he had ever volunteered for service as a scout. He had only done so, of course, because the post seemed to offer certain relaxations from the austerity of company routine—a little more freedom of movement, a little less trench-digging, and a mini-

mum of supervision. He would have been thankful for a supervisor now!

That evening when the scouts doubled ahead, Lieutenant Sinclair had halted them upon the skirts of a dark, dreich plantation, and said—

"A and B Companies represent the enemy. They are beyond that crest, finishing the trenches which were begun the other day. They intend to hold these against our attack. Our only chance is to take them by surprise. As they will probably have thrown out a line of outposts, you scouts will now scatter and endeavor to get through that line, or at least obtain exact knowledge of its composition. My belief is that the enemy will content themselves with placing a piquet on each of the two roads which run through their position; but it is possible that they will also post sentry-groups in the wood which lies between. However, that is what you have to find out. Don't go and get captured. Move!"

The scouts silently scattered, and each man set out to pierce his allotted section of the enemy's position. Private Dunshie, who had hoped for a road, or at least a cart-track, to follow, found himself, by the worst of luck, assigned to a portion of the thick belt of wood which stretched between the two roads. Nature had not intended him for a pioneer: he was essentially a city man. However, he tolled on, rending the undergrowth, putting up game, falling over tree-roots, and generally acting as advertising agent for the approaching attack.

By way of contrast, two hundred yards to his right, picking his way with cat-like care and rare enjoyment, was Private M'Snape. He was of the true scout breed. In the dim and distant days before the call of the blood had swept him into K(1), he had been a Boy Scout of no mean repute. He was clean in person and courteous in

manner. He could be trusted to deliver a message promptly. He could light a fire in a high wind with two matches, and provide himself with a meal of sorts where another would have starved. He could distinguish an oak from an elm, and was sufficiently familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies to be able to find his way across country by night. He was truthful, and amenable to discipline. In short, he was the embodiment of a system which in times of peace had served as a text for innumerable well-meaning but muddle-headed politicians of a certain type, who made a specialty of keeping the nation upon the alert against the insidious encroachments of—Heaven help us!—Militarism!

To-night all M'Snape's soul was set on getting through the enemy's outpost line and discovering a way of ingress for the host behind him. He had no map, but he had the Plough and a fitful moon to guide him, and he held a clear notion of the disposition of the trenches in his retentive brain. On his left he could hear the distressing sounds of Dunshie's dolorous progress; but these were growing fainter. The reason was that Dunshie, like most persons who follow the line of least resistance, was walking in a circle. In fact, a few minutes later his circuitous path brought him out upon the long straight road which ran up over the hill towards the trenches.

With a sigh of relief Dunshie stepped out upon the good hard macadam, and proceeded with the merest show of stealth up the gentle gradient. But he was not yet at ease. The over-arching trees formed a tunnel in which his footsteps reverberated uncomfortably. The moon had retired behind a cloud. Dunshie, gregarious and urban, quaked anew. Reflecting longingly upon his bright and cozy billet, with the "subsistence" which was doubtless being prepared against

his return, he saw no occasion to reconsider his opinion that in the country no decent body should ever be called up to go out after dark unaccompanied. At that moment Dunshie would have bartered his soul for the sight of an electric tram.

The darkness grew more intense. Something stirred in the wood beside him, and his skin tingled. An owl hooted suddenly, and he jumped. Next, the gross darkness was illuminated by a pale and ghostly radiance, coming up from behind; and something brushed past him—something which squeaked and panted. His hair rose upon its scalp. A friendly "Good-night!" uttered in a strong Hampshire accent into his left ear, accentuated rather than soothed his terrors. He sat down suddenly upon a bank by the roadside, and feebly mopped his moist brow.

The bicycle, having passed him, wobbled on up the hill, shedding a fitful ray upon alternate sides of the road. Suddenly—raucous and stunning, but oh, how sweet!—rang out the voice of Dunshie's fellow-townsmen and lifelong friend, Private Mucklewame.

"Halt! Wha goes there?"

The cyclist made no reply, but kept his devious course. Private Mucklewame, who liked to do things decently and in order, stepped heavily out of the hedge into the middle of the road, and repeated his question in a reproving voice. There was no answer.

This was most irregular. According to the text of the spirited little dialogue in which Mucklewame had been recently rehearsed by his piquet commander, the man on the bicycle ought to have said "Friend!" This cue received, Mucklewame was prepared to continue. Without it, he was gravelled. He tried once more.

"Halt! Wha goes——"

"On His Majesty's Service, my lad!"



responded a hearty voice; and the postman, supplementing this information with a friendly good-night, wobbled up the hill and disappeared from sight.

The punctilious Mucklewame was still glaring severely after this unseemly "gagger," when he became aware of footsteps upon the road. A pedestrian was plodding up the hill in the wake of the postman. He would stand no nonsense this time.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Wha goes there?"

"Hey, Jock," inquired a husky voice, "is that you?"

This was another most irregular answer. Declining to be drawn into impromptu irrelevancies, Mucklewame stuck to his text.

"Advance yin," he continued, "and give the coontersign, if any!"

Private Dunshie drew nearer.

"Jock," he inquired wistfully, "hae ye gotten a fag?"

"Aye," replied Mucklewame, friendship getting the better of conscience.

"Wull ye give a body yin?"

"Aye. But ye canna smoke on oot-post duty," explained Mucklewame sternly. "Forbye, the officer has no been roond yet," he added.

"Onyway," urged Dunshie eagerly, "let me be your prisoner! Let me bide with the other boys in here ahint the dyke!"

The hospitable Mucklewame agreed, and Scout Dunshie, overjoyed at the prospect of human companionship, promptly climbed over the low wall and attached himself, in the rôle of languishing captive, to Number Two Sentry-Group of Number Three Piquet.

### III.

Meanwhile M'Snape had reached the forward edge of the wood, and was cautiously reconnoitring the open ground in front of him. The moon had disappeared altogether now, but

M'Snape was able to calculate, by reason of the misdirected exuberance of the vigilant Mucklewame, the exact position of the sentry-group on the left-hand road. About the road on his right he was not so certain; so he set out cautiously towards it, keeping to the edge of the wood, and pausing every few yards to listen. There must be a sentry-group somewhere here, he calculated—say midway between the roads. He must walk warily.

Easier said than done. At this very moment a twig snapped beneath his foot with a noise like a pistol-shot, and a covey of partridges, lying out upon the stubble beside him, made an indignant evacuation of their bedroom. The mishap seemed fatal: M'Snape stood like a stone. But no alarm followed, and presently all was still again—so still, indeed, that presently, out on the right, two hundred yards away, M'Snape heard a man cough and then spit. Another sentry was located!

Having decided that there was no sentry-group between the two roads, M'Snape turned his back upon the wood and proceeded cautiously forward. He was not quite satisfied in his mind about things. He knew that Captain Wagstaffe was in command of this section of the defence. He cherished a wholesome respect for that efficient officer, and doubted very much if he would really leave so much of his front entirely unguarded.

Next moment the solution of the puzzle was in his very hand—in the form of a stout cord stretching from right to left. He was just in time to avoid tripping over it. It was suspended about six inches above the ground.

You cannot follow a clue in two directions at once; so after a little consideration M'Snape turned and crawled along to his right, being careful to avoid touching the cord. Presently a black mass loomed before him, acting apparently as terminus to the cord.

Lying flat on his stomach, in order to get as much as possible of this obstacle between his eyes and the sky, M'Snape was presently able to descry, plainly silhouetted against the starry landscape, the profile of one Bain, a scout of A Company, leaning comfortably against a small bush, and presumably holding the end of the cord in his hand.

M'Snape wriggled silently away, and paused to reflect. Then he began to creep forward once more.

Having covered fifty yards, he turned to his right again, and presently found himself exactly between Bain and the trenches. As he expected, his hand now descended upon another cord, lying loosely on the ground, and running at right angles to the first. Plainly Bain was holding one end of this, and some one in the trenches—Captain Wagstaffe himself, as like as not—was holding the other. If an enemy stumbled over the trip-cord, Bain would warn the defence by twitching the alarm-cord.

Five minutes later M'Snape was back at the *rendezvous*, describing to Sinclair what he had seen. That wise subaltern promptly conducted him to Captain Mackintosh, who was waiting with his Company for something to go upon. Shand had departed with his own following to make an independent attack on the right flank. Seven of the twelve scouts were there. Of the missing, Dunshie, as we know, was sunning his lonely soul in the society of his foes; two had lost themselves, and the remaining two had been captured by a reconnoitring patrol. Of the seven which strayed not, four had discovered the trip-cord; so it was evident that that ingenious contrivance extended along the whole line. Only M'Snape, however, had penetrated farther. The general report was that the position was closely guarded from end to end.

"You say you found a cord running back from Bain to the trenches, M'Snape," asked Captain Mackintosh, "and a sentry holding on to it?"

"Yes, sirr," replied the scout, standing stiffly to attention in the dark.

"If we could creep out of the wood and rush *him*, we might be able to slip our attack in at that point," said the Captain. "You say there is cover to within twenty yards of where he is sitting?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Still, I'm afraid he'll pull that cord a bit too soon for us."

"He'll no, sirr," remarked M'Snape confidently.

"Why not?" asked the Captain.

M'Snape told him.

Captain Mackintosh surveyed the small wizened figure before him almost affectionately.

"M'Snape," he said, "to-morrow I shall send in your name for lance-corporal!"

#### IV.

The defenders were ready. The trenches were finished: "A" and "B" had adjusted their elbow-rests to their liking, and blank ammunition had been served out. Orders upon the subject of firing were strict.

"We won't loose off a single shot until we actually *see* you," Captain Blaikie had said to Captain Mackintosh. "That will teach your men to crawl upon their little tummies, and ours to keep their eyes skinned."

(Captain Wagstaffe's string-alarm had been an afterthought. At least, it was not mentioned to the commander of the attack.)

Orders were given that the men were to take things easily for half an hour or so, as the attack could not possibly be developed within that time. The officers established themselves in a splinter-proof shelter at the back of the supporting trench, and partook of provender from their haversacks.

"I don't suppose they'll attack much before nine," said the voice of a stout major named Kemp. "My word, it is dark in here! And dull! Curse the Kaiser!"

"I don't know," said Wagstaffe thoughtfully. "War is hell, and all that, but it has a good deal to recommend it. It wipes out all the small nuisances of peace-time."

"Such as——?"

"Well, Suffragettes, and Futurism, and——and——"

"Bernard Shaw," suggested another voice. "Hall Caine, Keir Hardie——"

"Yes, and the Tango, and party politics, and golf-maniacs. Life and Death, and the things that really are big, get viewed in their proper perspective for once in a way."

"And look how the War has bucked up the nation," said Bobby Little, all on fire at once. "Look at the way girls have given up fussing over clothes and things, and taken to nursing."

"My poor young friend," said the voice of the middle-aged Kemp, "tell me honestly, would you like to be attended to by some of the young women who have recently taken up the nursing profession?"

"Rather!" said Bobby, with thoughtless fervor.

"I didn't say *one*," Kemp pointed out, amid laughter, "but *some*. Of course we all know of one. Even I do. It's the rule, not the exception, that we are dealing with just now."

Bobby, realizing that he had been unfairly surprised in a secret, felt glad that the darkness covered his blushes.

"Well, take my tip," continued Kemp, "and avoid amateur ministering angels, my son. I studied the species in South Africa. For twenty-four hours they nurse you to death, and after that they leave you to perish of starvation. Women in war-time are best left at home."

A youthful paladin in the gloom timidly mentioned the name of Florence Nightingale.

"One Nightingale doesn't make a base hospital," replied Kemp. "I take off my hat—we all do—to women who are willing to undergo the drudgery and discomfort which hospital training involves. But I'm not talking about Florence Nightingales. The young person whom I am referring to is just intelligent enough to understand that the only possible thing to do this season is to nurse. She qualifies herself for her new profession by dressing up like one of the chorus of *The Quaker Girl*, and getting her portrait, thus attired, into *The Tatler*. Having achieved this, she has graduated. She then proceeds to invade any hospital that is available, where she flirts with everything in pyjamas, and freezes you with a look if you ask her to empty a basin or change your sheets. I know her! I've had some, and I know her! She is one of the minor horrors of war. In peace-time she goes out on Alexandra Day, and stands on the steps of men's clubs and pesters the members to let her put a rose in their button-holes. What such a girl wants is a good old-fashioned mother who knows how to put a slipper to its right use!"

"I don't think," observed Wagstaffe, since Kemp had apparently concluded his philippic, "that young girls are the only people who lose their heads. Consider all the poisonous young blighters that one sees about town just now. Their uplift is enormous, and their manners in public horrid; and they hardly know enough about their new job to stand at attention when they hear *God Save the King*. In fact, they deserve to be nursed by your little friends, Bobby!"

"They are all that you say," conceded Kemp. "But after all, they do have a fairly stiff time of it on duty,

and they are going to have a much stiffer time later on. And they are not going to back out when the romance of the new uniform wears off, remember. Now these girls will play the angel-of-mercy game for a week or two, and then jack up and confine their efforts to getting hold of a wounded officer and taking him to the theatre. It is *dernier cri* to take a wounded officer about with you at present. Wounded officers have quite superseded Pekinese, I am told."

"Women certainly are the most extraordinary creatures," mused Ayling, a platoon commander of "B." "In private life I am a beak at a public school——"

"What school?" inquired several voices. Ayling gave the name, found that there were two of the school's old boys present, and continued——

"Just as I was leaving to join this battalion, the Head received a letter from a boy's mother intimating that she was obliged to withdraw her son, as he had received a commission in the army for the duration of the war. She wanted to know if the Head would keep her son's place open for him until he came back! What do you think of that?"

"Sense of proportion wasn't invented when women were made," commented Kemp. "But we are wandering from the subject, which is: what advantages are we, personally, deriving from the war? Wagger, what are you getting out of it?"

"Half-a-crown a day extra pay as Assistant Adjutant," replied Wagstaffe laconically. "Ainslie, wake up and tell us what the war has done for you, since you abandoned the Stock Exchange and took to foot-slogging."

"Certainly," replied Ainslie. "A year ago I spent my days trying to digest my food, and my nights trying to sleep. I was not at all successful in either enterprise. I can now sit down to a

supper of roast pork and bottled stout, go to bed directly afterwards, sleep all night, and wake up in the morning without thinking unkind things of anybody—not even my relations-in-law! Bless the Kaiser, say I! Borrodalle, what about you? Any complaints?"

"Thank you," replied Borrodalle's dry voice; "there are no complaints. In civil life I am what is known as a 'prospective candidate.' For several years I have been exercising this, the only, method of advertising permitted to a barrister, by nursing a constituency. That is, I go down to the country once a week, and there reduce myself to speechlessness soliciting the votes of the people who put my opponent in twenty years ago, and will keep him in by a two thousand majority as long as he cares to stand. I have been at it five years, but so far the old gentleman has never so much as betrayed any knowledge of my existence."

"That must be rather galling," said Wagstaffe.

"Ah! but listen! Of course party politics have now been merged in the common cause—see local organs, *passim*—and both sides are working shoulder to shoulder for the maintenance of our national existence."

"Applause!" murmured Kemp.

"That is to say," continued Borrodalle with calm relish, "my opponent, whose strong suit for the last twenty years has been to cry down the horrors of militarism, and the madness of national service, and the unwieldy size of the British Empire, is now compelled to spend his evenings taking the chair at mass meetings for the encouragement of recruiting. I believe the way in which he eats up his own previous utterances on the subject is quite superb. On these occasions I always send him a telegram, containing a kindly pat on the back for him and a sort of semi-official message for the

audience. He has to read this out on the platform!"

"What sort of message?" asked a delighted voice.

"Oh—*Send along some more of our boys. Lord Kitchener says there are none to touch them. Borrodaile, Bruce and Wallace Highlanders. Or—All success to the meeting, and best thanks to you personally for carrying on in my absence. Borrodaile, Bruce and Wallace Highlanders. I have a lot of quiet fun,*" said Borrodaile meditatively, "composing those telegrams. I rather fancy"—he examined the luminous watch on his wrist—"yes, it's five minutes past eight: I rather fancy the old thing is reading one now!"

The prospective candidate leaned back against the damp wall of the dug-out with a happy sigh. "What have you got out of the war, Ayling?" he inquired.

"Change," said Ayling.

"For better or worse?"

"If you had spent seven years in a big public school," said Ayling, "teaching exactly the same thing, at exactly the same hour, to exactly the same kind of boy, for weeks on end, what sort of change would you welcome most?"

"Death," said several voices.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Ayling warmly. "It's a great life, if you are cut out for it. But there is no doubt that the regularity of the hours, and the absolute certainty of the future, make a man a bit groovy. Now in this life we are living we have to do lots of dull or unpleasant things, but they are never quite the same things. They are progressive, and not circular, if you know what I mean; and the immediate future is absolutely unknown, which is an untold blessing. What about you, Sketchley?"

A fat voice replied—

"War is good for adipose Special

Reservists. I have decreased four inches round the waist since October. Next?"

So the talk ran on. Young Lochgair, heir to untold acres in the far north and master of unlimited pocket-money, admitted frankly that the sum of eight-and-sixpence per day, which he was now earning by the sweat of his brow and the expenditure of shoe-leather, was sweeter to him than honey in the honeycomb. Hattrick, who had recently put up a plate in Harley Street, said it was good to be earning a living wage at last. Mr. Waddell, pressed to say a few words in encouragement of the present campaign, delivered himself of a guarded but illuminating eulogy of war as a cure for indecision of mind; from which, coupled with a coy reference to "some one" in distant St. Andrews, the company were enabled to gather that Mr. Waddell had carried a position with his new sword which had proved impregnable to civilian assault.

Only Bobby Little was silent. In all this genial symposium there had been no word of the spur which was inciting him—and doubtless the others—along the present weary and monotonous path; and on the whole he was glad that it should be so. None of us care to talk, even privately, about the Dream of Honor and the Hope of Glory. The only difference between Bobby and the others was that while they could cover up their aspirations with a jest, Bobby must say all that was in his heart, or keep silent. So he held his peace.

A tall figure loomed against the starlit sky, and Captain Wagstaffe, who had been out in the trench, spoke quickly to Major Kemp—

"I think we had better get to our places, sir. Some criminal has cut my alarm-cord!"

V.

Five minutes previously, Private



Bain, lulled to a sense of false security by the stillness of the night, had opened his eyes, which had been closed for purposes of philosophic reflection, to find himself surrounded by four ghostly figures in great-coats. With creditable presence of mind he jerked his alarm-cord. But alas! the cord came with his hand.

He was now a prisoner, and his place in the scout-line was being used as a point of deployment for the attacking force.

"We're extended right along the line now," said Captain Mackintosh to Sinclair. "I can't wait any longer for Shand: he has probably lost himself. The sentries are all behind us. Pass the word along to crawl forward. Every man to keep as low as he can, and dress by the right. No one to charge unless he hears my whistle, or is fired on."

The whispered word—Captain Mackintosh knows when to whisper quite as well as Captain Shand—runs down the line, and presently we begin to creep forward, stooping low. Sometimes we halt; sometimes we swing back a little; but on the whole we progress. Once there is a sudden exclamation. A highly-strung youth, crouching in a field drain, has laid his hand upon what looks and feels like a clammy human face, lying recumbent and staring heavenward. Too late, he recognizes a derelict scarecrow with a turnip head. Again, there is a pause while the extreme right of the line negotiates an unexpected barbed-wire fence. Still, we move on, with enormous caution. We are not certain where the trenches are, but they must be near. At any moment a crackling volley may leap out upon us. Pulses begin to beat.

In the trench itself eyes are strained and ears cocked. It is an eerie sensation to know that men are near you, and creeping nearer, yet remain in-

audible and invisible. It is a very dark night. The moon appears to have gone to bed for good, and the stars are mostly covered. Men unconsciously endeavor to fan the darkness away with their hands, like mist. The broken ground in front, with the black woods beyond, might be concealing an army corps for all the watchers in the trenches can tell. Far away to the south a bright finger of light occasionally stabs the murky heavens. It is the searchlight of a British cruiser, keeping ceaseless vigil in the English Channel, fifteen miles away. If she were not there we should not be making-believe here with such comfortable deliberation. It would be the real thing.

Bobby Little, who by this time can almost discern spiked German helmets in the gloom, stands tingling. On either side of him are ranged the men of his platoon—some eager, some sleepy, but all silent. For the first time he notices that in the distant woods ahead of him there is a small break—a mere gap—through which one or two stars are twinkling. If only he could contrive to get a line of sight direct to that patch of sky—

He moves a few yards along the trench, and brings his eye to the ground-level. No good: a bush intervenes, fifteen yards away. He moves further and tries again.

Suddenly, for a brief moment, against the dimly illuminated scrap of horizon he decries a human form, clad in a kilt, advancing stealthily. . . .

*"Number one Platoon—at the enemy in front—rapid fire!"*

He is just in time. There comes an overwrought roar of musketry all down the line of trenches. Simultaneously, a solid wall of men rises out of the earth not fifty yards away, and makes for the trenches with a long-drawn battle yell.

Make-believe has its thrills as well as the genuine article.

And so home to bed. M'Snape duly  
Blackwood's Magazine.

became a lance-corporal, while Dunshie resigned his post as a scout and returned to duty with the company.

### "FULLNESS OF LIFE."

At a time when, as in a Tenth Plague, there is hardly a house where there is not one dead, we listen with new understanding to the ancient thoughts and lamentations of mortality. The well-worn sentences are restored to fresh meaning; the commonplace almost ceases to be common, and becomes particular to ourselves. From the abyss of the past we hear the voice of vanished souls crying to us in the kinship of one sorrow. Ours is the pain which all mankind has suffered, and the utterance of all ages prophesied our present grief. The paradoxes of wit shrivel away, and all the consolations of philosophy sound empty as the brass of political eloquence. But concentrated into some obvious remark we hear the voice of generations dumb in their affliction. Down shadowy vaults of time the mourning of common people like ourselves comes echoing, and we recognize the tears of mortal things.

"Whom the gods love die young"—it is a weary commonplace, true to satiety. All copy-books would have it but for fear of encouraging suicide among children. Anyone who uttered it a year ago would have stamped himself a bore, and have filled us with amazement at his stupid effrontery, just as if he had seriously told us that honesty is the best policy, or that familiarity breeds contempt. Even now, no one would be so insensitive a dullard as to offer it for consolation to a mother whose eyes beheld one name only in the "Roll of Honor," and whose hands had fed and washed and dressed

that baby up to manhood, just for this end.

And yet to be that commonplace, which a Greek may have borrowed from some Phœnician sailor, and he inherited from the grunts of prehistoric man, the common woe of this year, when so many are dying young, may give a fresh intensity of meaning.

They do not die because the gods love them, but the gods love them because they are young. Not only in infancy, but in youth, heaven lies about them, and they still are Nature's Priests, attended by the vision. "Oh, that I were as in the months of old!" cried an older poet (for it is to the old and familiar utterances that we now turn)—"Oh that I were as in the months of old, as in the days when God watched over me; when his lamp shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tent." It is because the lamp shines upon the head of youth, and the secret of God still lingers upon its tent, that the gods love those who die young—those to whom the earth still seems apparelled in celestial light. For, wiser than mothers, the gods fear for their darlings the gradual obscurity of vision that prolonged existence in an unilluminated world may bring; the hardening of the heart's tissue, the ossification of the soul, which the disappointments of pleasure or the disillusionment of admired characters often involves. And so it is that, when youth dies, the gods themselves join

in the poet's triumphant elegy:—

"From the contagion of the world's  
slow stain

He is secure, and now can never  
mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown gray  
in vain;

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased  
to burn,

With sparkless ashes load an un-  
lamented urn."

William Gladstone has died young, killed suddenly and unawares when full of life, before what is called the promise of his years could be accomplished. From the trenches he wrote to his mother that he was very glad and proud to have got to the front. "It is not the length of existence that counts," he went on, "but what is achieved during that existence, however short." The statement is trite and familiar. Here again we are confronted with a commonplace, true to satiety—so admittedly true that it has almost become surprising, and we hear it repeated with something of a shock. But that the speaker should have illustrated the familiar truth by his own death gives it a solemnity and freshness of meaning. For when a man sacrifices himself to his belief, we are bound to listen, though we have ourselves accepted the belief from our youth up. We have long known as a matter of fact that length of time and existence is not to be measured by the ticking of clocks and death-watch beetles. We know that we may hold immensity in one hand, and live eternity in an hour. We have heard of the glorious life whose crowded hour is not merely worth an age, but is itself an age. All this we have devoutly believed, but when someone states the belief again and dies for it, we find new knowledge in the words, just as the Apostles' Creed might receive sudden illumination from the flames in which we watched a martyr burning.

"It is not length of existence that

counts, but what is achieved." It is not growing like a tree in age, and certainly not in girth, that makes men or nations greater. We are reminded of Sir George Birdwood's fine letter, to which we referred when it was written a year or two ago. He was an old man then, but he had taken no care of life. He had lived, he told us, "with a certain playful devilry of spirit, a ceaseless militancy, quite suffragette." In those days other writers were telling us to secure long life by careful diet and restful habits. "Lie in bed till noonday!" cried the devil-may-care veteran; "I would rather be some monstrous flat-fish at the bottom of the Atlantic than accept human life on such terms." Sir George Birdwood has achieved much, and length of existence has been added to his achievements, just as pleasure is sometimes added, as a kind of happy accident, to high-hearted activity. This very week he has been exercising his playful devilry in tracing the word "dispatch" to its source among ancient Himalayan valleys. But it is for the achievement, not for the length of life, that such men care. Theirs is a ceaseless militancy, regardless of measured time, and, in point of living existence, how incalculably do they surpass those monstrous flat-fish who at the bottom of the Atlantic or in our health-resorts rot themselves at ease from year to year, slowly gathering over their loathsome forms the accretions of mere time and what the Middle Ages called acciduousness or sluggery! For "accidia" is the sloth of the man who, at the bugle-blast of resolution, sighs, "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."

It is said that no one thinks of Walter Pater now, least of all in his own University. And that is no wonder, for times have much changed since he was held a prophet, and our prophets of to-day have a different set

of conjectures to reveal. It may seem strange that the commonplace observation of a promising young Member of Parliament who was killed in action should recall the most disputed teachings of one who was so often denounced as inactive, aloof from everyday reality, or perverse. Yet compare with that observation a few sentences from the most disputed chapter in all Walter Pater's works—the conclusion to "The Renaissance":—

"The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. . . . A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated dramatic life. . . . In a sense, it might even be said that our failure is to form habits. . . . We are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death, but with a sort of indefinite reprieve; we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. . . . Our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness."

Certainly, the happiness thus described is likely to be deliberate, self-conscious, and probably too passive—too much an affair of mere sensation.

*The Nation.*

It might not be discovered in the industrious achievements of a politician, a "publicist," or even of a soldier. Yet here, again, we are shown that it is not length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short. Here, again, life is to be measured not by clocks and almanacs and the dates recorded in "Who's Who," but by its intensity, its element of the eternal. The sleepers of Ephesus did not live, though they survived twenty generations of mankind, nor does it increase the life of our cautious valetudinarians to add one more cloistered winter to their past. Like Sir George Birdwood, Walter Pater advocated a ceaseless militancy, a perpetually renewed rebellion against habits and acquiescence. It is only so that we can discover or embody our spirit's power—so rich an endowment that the Religious Physician declared "there is all Africa and her prodigies in us." Only so may the pleasures of living be swallowed up in the joy of life. But to maintain such ceaseless militancy is undoubtedly hard. It may mean, as it meant to William Gladstone, losing life for the sake of life's causes. It means a continual re-assertion of the truth that the better part of discretion is valor. "Fear only fear" is a good motto, but he who emblazoned it on his shield was a timid man, assaulted by daily terrors, and only sometimes conquering one.

## THE END OF THE WAR.

Herbert Spencer once wrote a little book on "Man v. State," and we have ventured to describe the German political philosophy under the title of "State v. Man." Undoubtedly there is in this country, and therefore there must be *a fortiori* in Germany, Austria, and

France, a growing sense of the ever-widening chasm which separates the interests of the rulers from the interests of the ruled. The doctrine of a purely selfish State would be a tolerable one, and might be compatible with a very high standard of international

law and morality if the rulers of each State were always competent and conscientious representatives of the true interests of the inhabitants. A perfect representative system which made the directing council of each individual State the real representative body subordinating its own personal interests and ambitions to those of the community would make a general war almost impossible. But the most optimistic person does not pretend that even the nations which have hitherto been regarded as the most civilized have yet attained to anything of the kind. When the present war was in course of incubation the British Parliament was the only one which could be said to have been in any way consulted before the issue was actually decided. And since the war began every belligerent Government has developed a censorship of the Press which has the effect of curtailing the free play and development of opinion. In this respect again our own Government has been unwilling or unable to go to such lengths as its adversaries and Allies, either in suppressing news or inspiring views. The safety valves of free discussion have remained partially open, and the principal complaints made are that the free circulation of news is checked and impeded in directions which cannot be defended on the plea of safeguarding naval and military secrets. Sir Edward Grey is perhaps the only Minister who has frankly admitted in public the necessity of recognizing the right and duty of his fellow citizens to discuss freely the aims and objects of the war. The duty of prosecuting it to a successful conclusion lies with Ministers, subject always to the criticism and control of Parliament, which has certainly shown no desire to hamper those in command, still less to criticise strategy. The importance, however, of encouraging the public to form its opinions in a natural

way as to the purposes of the war can hardly be exaggerated. For example, if *The Times* be right in holding that our main object in the war is to maintain the balance of power in Europe, then the idea entertained in some quarters that it should be carried on until Germany and Austria have been reduced by dismemberment, or, otherwise, to complete impotence, is inadmissible, for that would mean that the balance of power would be entirely upset. Another idea which has been put forward is the dismemberment of Austria on national lines, which would probably mean the creation of a united Germany, including all the German parts of Austria with the addition of several new but weak kingdoms dependent for their existence, as the case might be, upon the favor of either Russia or Germany.

A point of view which has not been sufficiently considered, to our mind, is this, that the true interests of Great Britain, Belgium, and France are to obtain at the earliest moment a safe and durable peace. Now, a durable peace requires the full restoration of Belgium and of France with a settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question, while as far as the Eastern side is concerned, there should be a compromise between the principle of national autonomy and the principle of conserving, as far as possible, the existing fabric of Europe. Also, it is clear that the more any existing nation is threatened with dismemberment or unnecessary humiliation, the longer will it resist, and the less will it be inclined to consider reasonable terms of settlement. But the longer the war lasts, the more prone will the peoples as distinct from the Governments be to cry out against the carnage which is desolating day by day and week by week so many thousands of homes. Thus we are brought back again to the prob-



lem of "State v. Man," and to the question how far the rulers of the highly organized bureaucratic State will be able to hold out against internal revolutionary forces. Then, again, there is the question of rebuilding and restoring countless farms, villages and towns which have been wholly or partially destroyed, on the West and on the East. It seems to us pretty clear, after carefully considering the National Debt and existing taxation of Austro-Hungary, that the Dual Monarchy, at any rate, must be regarded as financially bankrupt, and in the course of a few months more the same must become increasingly true of Germany. Our own experience in the Boer War shows the difficulties of getting indemnities, and, therefore, on financial grounds, those who wish, as we

*The Economist.*

do, to find some indemnity for the Belgians, the Poles, and the Serbs will do well to weigh carefully the consequences of the "bitter-end" policy, of which, indeed, we have heard less of late. The cost of two months of the war would certainly suffice to set the devastated areas on their legs again. No doubt the utter economic prostration of Central Europe and the total bankruptcy of its Exchequers offer a sort of security against any rapid renewal of armaments. But such a policy opens up a long, miserable vista of wars of revenge. And could not a stronger security against armaments be obtained by more rational means and by the application of statesmanship to what has, after all, a financial and political, as well as a military side?

---

### AMERICA AND THE "WATER WAGON."

When, a month ago, America learnt from the cabled summaries of King George's letter of the agitation in favor of this country's turning teetotal during the war, an excited discussion began on the other side of the Atlantic. The Prohibitionists were overjoyed. If Great Britain, to use the inevitable American phrase, was actually going on the water wagon, the whole outlook for Prohibition would be transformed. The moral effect of the French and Russian experiments had been considerable, but this would be colossal. The question of Prohibition as a national policy would become an issue of practical politics. Mr. Bryan, sounded on the subject recently, had declared against introducing a Prohibition plank into the Democratic platform of 1916; but if the revolution occurred in England it was clear that he would be obliged to reconsider the position. Well, England is not going on the

water wagon. But America is, at an astonishing pace, and it is worth while for English people to take note of the movement.

Wherever you go in the United States to-day you hear this prediction: that national Prohibition is becoming a live political issue and that within a decade or two the total stoppage of the manufacture and sale of liquor may be undertaken as a Federal measure throughout the Republic. The forecast is made not by temperance reformers alone; it comes from observers of all kinds. And if you protest that such an event, in a community of a hundred millions, made up of contingents from every liquor-drinking nation of the world, is inconceivable, you will be advised to examine the evidence for yourself. Do so, and you will admit that it is sufficiently startling.

Look first at the habits of the peo-

ple among whom the average visitor from Europe is thrown. Nobody can fail to remark that the American people are becoming abstemious in the matter of drink. The bar and saloon of the Atlantic liner furnish the first piece of concrete testimony; and no sooner do you land than you are made aware of various differences of national custom. At the soda counter of the drug store—that most characteristic American institution—is a long line of stools upon which sit men and women consuming fancy drinks, hot and cold, and the infinitely diversified ice-cream preparations in which the people of all classes take delight. In the hotel or club dining-room you are not asked what you will drink; the waiter, without remark, pours out a tumbler of ice-water and keeps it replenished. The club bar may be fairly busy before lunch or dinner, and you may speculate as to the amount of evil represented by the cocktail habit, but not one person in a hundred is to be seen drinking at meals. At dinner in a wealthy household it is a quite usual thing for no liquor to be served; at most there may be one kind of the lightest wine. You may find yourself, especially in a city of the Western States, one of a party of professional or commercial men at dinner, and the question of drink will not even be made the subject of a polite inquiry. The assumption is that you drink water—of which all Americans, as compared with English people, make away with enormous quantities—a fact due mainly, no doubt, to dry air and heated interiors. Great quantities of strong coffee are drunk, but the consumption of tea does not seem to be markedly increasing, either in the home or in the popular restaurants. Tea-drinking in America is still a social affair. True, total abstinence in high quarters is an established subject of newspaper humor. America laughed

from end to end when it became known that Mr. Bryan and one or two other members of the Wilson Cabinet were having non-alcoholic grape-juice served at official banquets. But everybody knew that "Bryan's champagne" was a portent: the gibes were a good-humored recognition of a great social fact. Not for a long while has liquor been obtainable within the precincts of the Capitol at Washington. It is several years since the barrack canteen was abolished, and twelve months ago the Navy Department, under Secretary Daniels, stopped the supply of intoxicants to the fleet and made it a misdemeanor to sell liquor in any navy yard or station.

So much for the changes of habit and the social tendencies which strike every visitor to the United States. Consider now the main facts illustrating the advance of Prohibition and No-licence—that is, of restriction as a State or municipal policy. It is forty years since Maine, the pioneer Prohibition State, went dry. Kansas followed in 1880 and North Dakota ten years later. At the end of the nineties five more States were conquered—Georgia, Tennessee, Oklahoma, North Carolina, and Mississippi. These with West Virginia make the nine States (with a population of nearly 15 millions) in which Prohibition is at present operative as a State-wide policy. The past few months, after an interval of comparative stagnation, have seen an extraordinary burst of Prohibition fervor, and since last autumn no fewer than ten States—Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Oregon, Utah, Virginia, Washington—have gone dry and will come under Prohibition within the year. In Ohio there was a very close contest, the victory of the Prohibitionists being averted, as in California, also, only by the vote in the largest cities. This, remember, represents the

State-legislation movement alone. To it must be added the No-licence plan of local government. In seventeen States more than 50 per cent of the population are living in cities, towns, and rural districts where licences are not obtainable. There are thirteen States in which similar conditions prevail for between 25 and 50 per cent of the population; while No-licence is the rule in fifteen State capitals and about 14,000 incorporated cities and townships. Out of the Republic's total area of three million square miles nearly two and a quarter millions are, or are about to become, dry; while under either State Prohibition or municipal No-licence about 48 out of the population of 93 millions are nominally deprived of alcoholic liquor.

Prohibition, of course, is relative. There is in practice no such thing as a dry State: that is, there is no State in which it is not comparatively easy, despite the abolition of the saloon, to get liquor. Nowhere is public opinion strong enough to insist upon a complete enforcement of the law. The liquor interests are fertile in resource. The drug store, as everyone knows, can be made to serve some of the purposes of the saloon; although one English connoisseur has lately been telling us that drug-store spirits are safe because undrinkable. In a dry region you may be served, to your no small astonishment, with tea carrying a fine frothy head—for if tea is made to look like beer a complaisant inspector may be inclined to mistake beer for tea. State Prohibition cannot, in existing circumstances, be made effectual. Only total national Prohibition could avail to stop the traffic through the ending

of the manufacture. Hence the increasing demand for a Federal policy.

Now the question arises: What are the main influences carrying Prohibition from State to State? They are not, of course, confined to the Churches and the temperance societies. Strong as these are in a country upon which Puritanism has not yet lost its hold, they would be of little avail if they were not supported by other agencies. The geographic distribution of the Prohibition States is interesting. With the exception of Maine, they are all in the South and West. So far the old North and the Middle-West have resisted. It is doubtless something more than a coincidence that Prohibition should have been adopted by a number of the States in which women have the vote and by some of those (like Colorado and Oregon) in which new democratic experiments of various kinds are being tried. In the South Prohibition is associated with the white fear of demoralized and infuriated negroes, and elsewhere special causes associated with the particular region may tell. But it must be recognized that above and beyond every other influence working for Prohibition is the piled-up evidence of criminal and public-health statistics, coupled with the conviction that alcohol is the enemy of efficiency, a conviction now standing as an article of faith in the business world of America. In England, as we have seen, the preaching of generations has counted for next to nothing by comparison with the pressure of wartime. In America the same point is reached through the pressure of normal industrial life. A man, they say over there, simply cannot afford to drink.

*The New Statesman.*

*S. K. R.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A keen bit of contemporary criticism is "George Bernard Shaw, Harlequin or Patriot?" by John Palmer (The Century Co.). This is in part a condensation and in part a rearrangement of an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, entitled "Bernard Shaw: An Epitaph." The original title makes reasonably clear what answer Mr. Palmer intends to give to the question embodied in his second title; and under either title or both the little monograph goes to show the extent to which Bernard Shaw's flippancy in the midst of a great crisis has offended English sentiment. Mr. Palmer wields a sharp pen, and he is a past master of irony.

"The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas" by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary (The Macmillan Co.), is an attempt to trace the changes which have taken place in religious belief from the period of the Protestant Reformation to the present day. To treat so broad and significant a subject within the compass of a single volume of moderate size was no easy task, but Professor McGiffert seems to understand the art of condensation and of due proportion, and his book is not difficult reading, even to the layman. He follows the natural order of treating first, the period of Disintegration, through the influence of Pietism, the Enlightenment, Natural Science and the Critical Philosophy, and then passing to a review of the forces of Reconstruction, and the results of their operation. The book closes upon a hopeful note; for the conclusion which Professor McGiffert reaches is that Christianity continues to reveal an adaptability to the devel-

oping mind of man which is a proof that it is alive, not dead, and is the best guarantee of its permanent influence and power.

The latest thing in the modern cult of efficiency is a complete manual of "Table Service," by Lucy G. Allen (Little, Brown & Co.), which explains minutely, and with the aid of illustrations and diagrams, all the details of the duties of a waitress, including the laying the table, and service, tray service, carving, the care of the dining-room, the serving of fruit, the making of menus, the removal of stains, and the varying requirements of luncheons and dinners, formal and informal. The book is the fruit of years of practical teaching in a cookery school, and is designed for use both as a textbook and as a household manual.

"Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," by Ellsworth L. Kolb (The Macmillan Co.), is a fresh, simple and vivid narrative of exploration and adventure, in one of the most picturesque regions of this continent. The voyage described was undertaken in two flat-bottomed boats, in September 1911, and its aim was the "big trip" through the entire series of canyons on the Green and Colorado rivers, and the taking of pictures on the way. The starting point was Green River City, Wyoming, and the ultimate goal the Gulf of California. The very simplicity of the narrative adds to its charm. There is no attempt at fine writing, or description for the sake of description, or rhapsodies over the scenery by the way. The commonest every-day incidents find a place in the story, without any lessening of interest, but with a large increase in the

personal element. As for the pictures, forty-eight in number, all of them from photographs by the author and his brother, they leave nothing to be desired as to varied and vivid interest.

"The Return of Tarzan" is the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, which is the story of a young man who although born of a woman, was left by a succession of untoward circumstances to be reared in an African jungle by a she-ape, the only mother he ever knew. Tarzan was drawn from the jungle by love for a young American girl whom chance threw in his way. Disappointment in love, in the new volume, results in his return to the jungle where he has many strange adventures and whence he is again led forth by love, this time happy love. It is difficult to swallow without a grain of salt the range of this young man from the finished society manners which prompt him to reply to a Countess's invitation to tea at five o'clock that "it will be an eternity until five," to the savage that "put a foot upon the body of his savage kill and, raising his face to the full moon, lifted his mighty voice in the weird and terrible challenge of his kind—a bull-ape had made his kill,"—a young man who converses as understandingly with apes as with Englishmen, but the reader does swallow it and feels the wholesome brace that seems to accompany all tales of the open. "The Return of Tarzan" produces the quaint feeling that we have gone back twenty-five years to the thrills and wonder of Rider Haggard. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The title of Professor Thomas H. Dickinson's "Chief Contemporary Dramatists" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is abundantly justified by the fact that it contains, in a single volume of convenient size and attractive typography,

twenty complete plays from the recent drama of England, Ireland, America, Germany, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Russia. The dramatists represented are Oscar Wilde, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, William Butler Yeats, John Millington Synge, Lady Gregory, Clyde Fitch, William Vaughn Moody, Augustus Thomas, Percy MacKaye, and, in translations, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brieux, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, Björnson, Strindberg and Tchekhov. The editor was obliged to omit Barrie and Shaw, apparently because of a failure to secure their co-operation, but, considering all the complexities of copyright, he was certainly fortunate in being able to make so large and so representative a collection. As he explains in his Introduction, he uses the word "Contemporary" to represent the present dramatic era in the same way that the term "Elizabethan" describes the large mass of plays written during the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles. He regards Ibsen as the source of the present dramatic movement, yet he does not include him in his selections because of the impossibility of representing him by a single play, and also because his true place could not be properly indicated in a collection which made him one of many. No single collection could be expected to be all-inclusive, or to fail to arouse some question as to why this was included and that was not; but it is certain that the reader can find nowhere else, in a single volume, a collection so widely-representative and so wisely-chosen of the best contemporary drama. A series of appendices supplies notes on Authors and Books, The Production of Plays, a Reading List in Contemporary Dramatists, a Working Book List in Contemporary Drama, and an Index of Characters.